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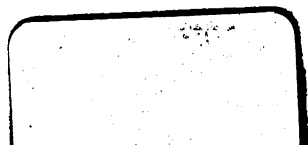
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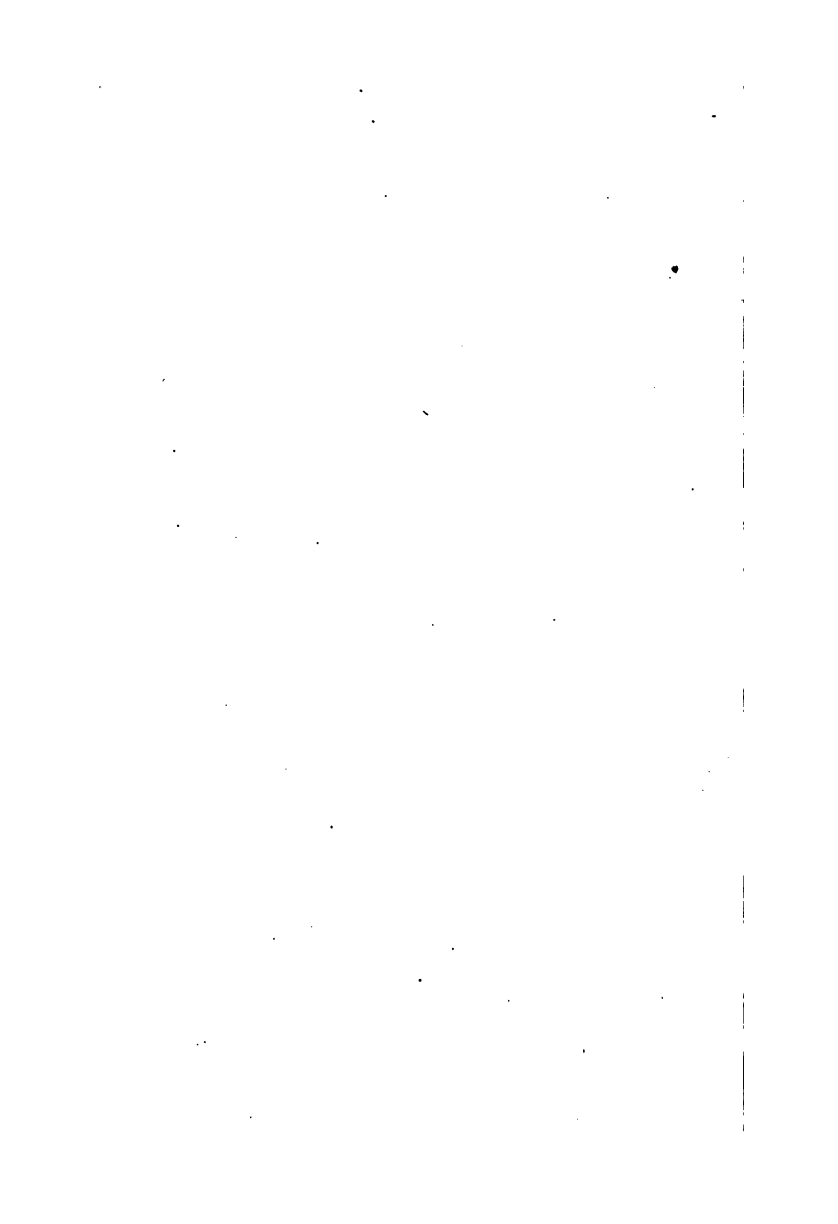
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THE
INVALID'S HYMN-BOOK.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

THE
INVALID'S HYMN BOOK.

WITH AN

Introductory Preface

BY

THE REV. HUGH WHITE, A.M.

Twelfth Thousand.

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED.

"My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee; and my soul
which thou hast redeemed."—PSALM lxxi. 23.

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ADVERTISEMENT TO SECOND EDITION.

It has been thought advisable to classify the hymns in the present edition, in order that the Invalid (or those around him) may be able to turn to such as are best suited to his state of mind.

The hymns added as an Appendix in the first edition, will now be found interspersed with the rest, under their respective heads, with an addition of fifty Hymns never before published.

MARCH, 1841.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THIRD EDITION.

Twelve hymns are appended as a Supplement to this edition, suited to particular occasions and circumstances of the Invalid.

JUNE, 1843.

ADVERTISEMENT TO SIXTH EDITION.

(TWELFTH THOUSAND.)

This edition has been thoroughly revised and corrected ; a few hymns not so suitable in times of sickness have been omitted, and thirty-four, *never before published*, and prepared exclusively for this edition, have been added. A few additions have also been made to the hymns designed for Particular Occasions.

The work, now consisting of two hundred hymns, one hundred and twelve of which are original, and written by the present Editor, is afresh commended to His blessing, who alone can impart solid peace and comfort to the Invalid, in the lonely hours of affliction and pain.

AUGUST, 1854.

INTRODUCTORY PREFACE

BY THE

REV. HUGH WHITE, A.M.

THE soothing influence of sacred poetry, when it breathes the spirit of Scriptural piety, has been felt and acknowledged by many a mourner in Zion, whose troubled soul has been tranquillized, and its anguish alleviated, by the sweet strains of heavenly consolation, embodied in the beautiful language of hymns, long endeared to the Christian Church, as having poured a healing balm into many a bleeding, and almost broken heart.

But there is one class of sufferers, whose case calls for peculiar tenderness of sympathy, and discrimination of judgment, in providing a suitable selection of hymns, adapted to their peculiar character and circumstances. Whoever has known, by painful experience, or

witnessed, in the course of affectionate attendance on beloved relatives, the results of long-continued sickness to the Invalid, will be best able to appreciate the value of a selection, specially designed to meet the peculiar requirements of their case. The bodily languor, which is the almost inevitable consequence of protracted illness, often indisposes the Invalid for enjoying a class of hymns, (to be found in all general collections,) which require a greater energy and vivacity of spirit, than sickness, in most cases, will allow. Hence arises the necessity of selecting such as are more congenial to a wounded spirit—such as embody the pathetic lamentations of resigned grief—or suggest the cheering motives for Christian consolation. The eye long dimmed by tears, that is too weak to bear the brightness of more triumphant strains, will gaze with gladdened interest on the tenderer images and associations, which harmonize with the feelings of a sorrowful, though uncomplaining heart. To such a heart, the hymn that pours forth the chastened complainings of a suffering, yet submissive spirit—that pleads, with almost agonizing earnestness, for supporting strength—that expresses the thankful trust of cheerful resignation, or the solemn

joy which the prospect of death, as the gate of everlasting glory, inspires, is inexpressibly sweet and soothing. It finds a responsive echo in the mourner's heart—and enables it to give utterance to its secret griefs and aspirations, in language endeared by the recollection, that it has been breathed forth from a heart, which has been touched with sorrows like its own.

Such was the design of the present little work, which was originally undertaken by one pre-eminently qualified for the task, from her experience both of the wearisome days and nights appointed for the Invalid—and of the rich and precious consolations, with which the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ abounds—one, who combined the highest intellectual attainments with the deepest Christian humility; and recommended a life of the most exalted piety and devotedness to a Saviour's service, by the most endearing affectionateness of disposition, and attractiveness of manner—one of whom emphatically it might with truth be said—that “she adorned, in all things, the doctrine of God our Saviour.”*

* I gladly embrace this opportunity of confirming the truth of this tribute to the memory of a highly esteemed friend, by the testimony of one, whose commendation, more especially

By her the very valuable ADDRESS TO THE INVALID, prefixed to this work, was written—which, in clear and impressive language, while it displays the glory of the cross, and the all-sufficiency of the sacrifice there offered up, sets forth the source from which she derived, at once all the loveliness of her character, and all the treasures of spiritual comfort, peace, and joy, which enriched her

when the subject is the excellence of the Christian character, is indeed of peculiar value.

In a Sermon, preached on behalf of the Dorset Institution, —(one of the most valuable Institutions in this metropolis—one, in whose welfare the Editor of the Invalid's Hymn Book felt the deepest interest,) the Rev. H. Woodward, Rector of Fethard, when speaking of the loss sustained by this Institution in her death, mentions her as "one, whose tender offices and labours of love can never be forgotten, and were above all praise." "Many," he adds, "in this assembly can bear witness to this truth—nay, do I not address some, who when they call to mind her high endowments, her deep humility, the consistent piety of her life, and the triumphs of her death,—would be inclined to say, that 'take' her 'for all in all,' they 'shall not look upon' her 'like again.'"—See Sermons and Lectures on Ruth, by the Rev. H. Woodward, 17th Sermon, where, with the most persuasive eloquence, this distinguished Minister pleads the cause of an Institution, peculiarly entitled to the warm approval and liberal support of every real Christian, who delights to promote the welfare, temporal and eternal, of poor well-conducted young females—numbers of whom it has preserved from the path of the destroyer, supported by the encouragement of industrious habits, and instructed in the knowledge of a Saviour's love!

soul—even “Christ crucified”—the sinner’s only hope, and refuge from eternal wrath—“Jehovah, our Righteousness”—the believer’s only title to eternal glory! In this address, as well as in the hymns she selected, it is her chief end (to use the beautiful language of the great and good Bishop Reynolds) “to convince of the all-sufficient righteousness, and unsearchable riches of Christ—the excellency of his knowledge, the immeasurableness of his love, the preciousness of his promises, the fellowship of his sufferings, the power of his resurrection, the beauties of his holiness, the easiness of his yoke, the sweetness of his peace, the joy of his salvation, the hope of his glory—and thus, to glorify God our Saviour in the heart, and to render him amiable and precious in the eyes of his people—to lead them to Him, as a sanctuary to protect them—a propitiation to reconcile them—a treasure to enrich them—a Physician to heal them—an Advocate to present them and their services to God—as wisdom to counsel them—as righteousness to justify them—as sanctification to renew—as redemption to save!”

The arrangement of these hymns, in which (as the good Bishop wished of every sermon) it was her desire that “Christ should shine in

the bosom of every" hymn, soothed and so-laced many a weary hour during her last illness; and accordingly this hymn book has been received and prized, as a precious legacy of Christian love, by the many many friends, to whom she was so deservedly dear; and abundantly accompanied, there is every reason to believe, in its extensive circulation, by the blessing of Him, to whose glory it was consecrated, as the last labour of love of a life consistently devoted to his service—the last thank-offering of a grateful heart, desirous, even after death, to be instrumental in promoting a beloved Saviour's glory.

The Appendix to the First Edition* was written expressly for the work, by a beloved Christian friend of the original Editor—of whom, as she is still living, I will not say what the high Christian esteem I entertain for her would prompt. But of the hymns I may speak, and they appear to me, some of them especially, as pre-eminently fitted to whisper comfort to those that mourn, by the bright prospects of the glory of the heavenly inheritance which they unfold, and the endearing view which they most touchingly express of the loving-kindness, manifested in every

* Also all the original hymns since added.

afflictive appointment of a Saviour's hand. Thus, like the bird, whose outspread wings can tranquillize the troubled surface of the stormy waves, do these hymns diffuse over the tempest-tossed soul, a deep and holy calm, even that peace of God which passeth all understanding.

To those then, who, under the pressure of bodily pain and weakness, desire to experience the refreshing influence of Christian comfort, clothed in the attractive garb of sacred song, or to those who wish to present to their beloved relatives or friends, confined to the bed of suffering, or the chamber of sickness, such a token of sympathy, and such a minister of consolation, I would most affectionately and cordially recommend this Invalid's Hymn Book. It is one, which, if prayerfully used, cannot, I feel confident, fail of imparting spiritual comfort to the mourner who has been taught to view every afflictive dispensation in that light, which turns them all into precious mercies, even the light of a Saviour's love. I trust that I may not be deemed egotistical or presumptuous, if I add, that I can put forward this recommendation as the result of my own experience, to which I only advert, because it may in some measure explain, why I have complied with the request of the much-

valued Editor, to prefix a few introductory remarks to this new edition of this excellent work. A request, my compliance with which, when regarded as the expression of gratitude for the comfort which I have myself derived from the perusal, more especially of some of the Hymns in the Appendix to the first edition, will be, I trust, rescued from the charge of presumption, as if I conceived that a work so well known, and so deservedly valued, stood in need of any recommendation of mine.

The additions and alterations made in the arrangement of the present (second) edition will, I conceive, materially enhance the value of the book, as suitable hymns are now provided for a class—(and that a numerous one) not particularly considered in the former—the reflecting, awakened, and inquiring Invalid, to whom the language of the confirmed believer cannot be intelligible, and consequently cannot be profitable. To them, these hymns may be blest, as a means of making their sickness instrumental in promoting their everlasting welfare, by leading them to self-examination, and thus to a discovery of their own sinfulness, and of their consequent need of an almighty and all-sufficient Saviour; and to a living faith in his most precious blood,

which cleanseth from all sin, and redeemeth from all condemnation. While by the classification of the hymns under suitable heads, there is an increased facility of selecting such as are most congenial to the Christian Invalid's circumstances, in all that variety and vicissitude of spiritual experience, (from the depths of depression to the heights of holy triumph,) which the history of God's dealings with his dear children, in the time of sickness and suffering, uniformly supplies.

There has been a peculiar value recently stamped on this collection of hymns, (to which the supplementary hymns, adapted to peculiar interesting circumstances in an Invalid's history, form a most valuable addition,) impregnated as this collection, and the sweet supplement now attached to it, are, with the very essence of evangelical truth, and displaying so fully the grace and glory of a crucified Saviour. This value has arisen from the rise and spread, in the bosom of our own Scriptural Church, of a system of theology, which, more especially by reserve in proclaiming the doctrine of the atonement, in direct opposition both to our Saviour's express command, (Mark xvi. 15,) and the Apostle's uniform example, (1 Cor. i. 23; ii. 2,) is fearfully calculated to

obscure that grace, and that glory, while robbing the sinner of the peace and comfort, which the cross alone can afford—and to insinuate into the hearts of its deluded votaries, the destructive influences of the worst errors of Popery, especially in the matter of a sinner's justification. As these errors are already infecting the literature, and may soon tinge the sacred poetry of our day, such a collection of hymns, as this volume contains, should be regarded, by all who know the value of "the truth as it is in Jesus," as a treasure of peculiar preciousness. Here, as in the Word of God, shines forth in full lustre that glorious truth, which is the very sum and centre of the whole system of evangelical religion; for in these hymns, the cross is continually held up to view, as the sinner's only ground of trust—as the believer's only adequate motive for a life of holiness and devotedness. And assuredly if there be any thing in revelation, as certain as the explicit declaration of a God of truth can make it, it is, that "Christ crucified is the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth"—and that, just in proportion as this glorious manifestation of divine love is displayed in all its fulness, will the Saviour's

expectation, which he announced in those memorable words—"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," be fulfilled.

Yes! it is the stupendous display of the love of God, exhibited on the cross—it is the announcement that God *so* loved us, as not to spare even his own Son, but to give *Him* up for our sakes, to the death of that cross, it is *this*, which, when cordially believed, through the power of the Holy Spirit, changes the natural enmity of the human heart against God, into feelings of devout adoration, and confiding and grateful affection. It is this which weans from the love of sin, and attracts to the love of holiness; while it leads the Christian to look and long for the glorious appearing of the great God our Saviour, and to live in a state of habitual preparedness for that event, so full of triumph to Christ and his Church. It is this, which at once speaks peace to the conscience, and imparts purity to the heart—while it constrains the believer to consecrate all he has, and all he is, as a thank-offering to the God of his salvation! How fearfully erroneous, then, is that system, which would keep this glorious revelation of God's love in reserve, and how should we value a

production like these hymns, in which it is displayed in all its glory !

Such being my estimate of this hymn book, and such the motives which have influenced me in bearing my humble testimony on its behalf, I cannot conclude without expressing my earnest hope and prayer, that it may be abundantly accompanied by the divine blessing ; and made by Him, who is the Fountain of all divine comfort, even God the Holy Ghost, a channel for conveying a large supply of his precious consolations into the heart of every Invalid into whose hands it may come. May He, by his power, render it instrumental in enabling those who may peruse it, if it find them ignorant of a Saviour's preciousness, to regard and to receive him as the pearl of great price ; and to cast themselves on his infinite mercies and merits, to be washed in his blood, and clothed in his righteousness, that so the chamber of sickness may be endeared and hallowed to their hearts, as the place where first they learned the worth of their own souls, and the value of Him who redeemed them with his blood,—where first they felt the divinely-implanted love of Him who so loved us, and laid down his life for us on the Cross ; and where first they turned their faces Zionwards,

and entered on that life of grace on earth, which will issue in the life of eternal glory in heaven! And may the Holy Spirit bless this book to all the children of God who may peruse it, as a means of enabling them, in all time of their tribulation, to cleave more closely to Him who so loved them, as “not even to spare his own Son, but to give him as a propitiation for their sins”—to read more clearly the stamp of a Saviour’s love impressed on their every trial—to reflect more brightly, as purified in the furnace of affliction, his image in the beauty of holiness—to drink more deeply into his meek, resigned, and patient spirit, under every afflictive dispensation—to cultivate more closely, devout communion with him, as the sweetest solace of their every sorrow—to prize more highly that treasury of consolation, the Word of God, and extract from its precious promises more of their healing and sanctifying power—to disentangle their affections from earth, and all its perishable vanities, and concentrate them, with more undivided devotedness, upon heaven and all its unfading glories—and to embrace with more grateful ardour the invaluable opportunity of glorifying Him who died for them, by the exhibition of cheerful submission, and

triumphant hope, which the chamber of sickness supplies ! That so the attitude of their spirits may abidingly be that, which, especially in these days of portentous events, so symptomatic of some rapidly approaching crisis in the history of the Church of Christ, should characterize every true believer—looking and longing for the coming of the day of the Lord, and “the glorious appearing of the great God our Saviour, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints”—and when it shall be fully seen, how the believer’s “light affliction,” which was but for a moment, has worked out for him a far more exceeding and *eternal* weight of glory ! Then shall the trial of his faith, being much more precious than that of gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire, be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ—for then shall all those who have “come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,” appear before the throne, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and shall cast their blood-bought crowns before the throne, saying, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power,

and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

H. W.

ADDENDUM.

THE suitability of hymns, such as this volume contains, to seasons of sorrow, is affectingly proved by a reference to that solemn occasion, recorded in Matt. xxvi. 30; and the value of such a collection is still further established by the consideration, that it supplies to the Christian Invalid, a delightful substitute in the sick room, for that participation in singing the praises of God in family worship, from which sickness often excludes him, and which ought ever to be combined with prayer, and the reading of the Word of God, in the devotions of the family and social circle, as it tends so powerfully (when the heart speaks in the language of the lips) to impart to them a spirit of sacred cheerfulness and holy joy!—even joy in the Holy Ghost.

H. W.

ADDRESS TO THE INVALID.

The following selection of hymns has been made for the use of persons in great bodily weakness. At such a period, when it may often be truly said, "the grasshopper is a burden," the variety of a large collection, becomes wearisome, and the small print, and weight of the volume, inconvenient.

The present object is to afford, in large print, a few hymns, which seem most likely to cheer and animate the weak; and to strengthen the faith, and clear the view of that glorious doctrine of the Atonement, which alone can give peace to the guilty conscience, and cause a sinner to triumph in Christ, as the Lord Jehovah, in whom he has both righteousness and strength, 1 Cor. i. 30; and when flesh and heart fail, to enable him to say, "He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

Then it is, that THE NAME OF THE LORD is a strong tower, into which the righteous (or justified) “enters and is safe;” and “they that know *this name*, will put their trust in it,” and set it up for their banner; and when the sense of redeeming love and undeserved mercy causes such to cry out, “What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me?” he can only say with David, “I will take the cup of salvation, and will *call upon the name of the Lord.*” Psalm cxvi. 10.—Acts ii. 21.

The Lord God has himself condescended to explain the meaning of his own glorious name, so that no poor, helpless, dying sinner need be at a loss to understand that “there is forgiveness with Him”—and peace and everlasting security to all who take shelter in *His name*. In this way, “the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err.” It is recorded in the 33rd and 34th chapters of Exodus, that when Moses said to the Lord, “I beseech thee, shew me thy glory,” the Lord answered, “*I will make all my goodness pass before thee; and will proclaim the name*

of the Lord before thee, and be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will shew mercy to whom I will shew mercy. And it shall come to pass, that when my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock. Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live : behold there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock, and I will cover thee with my hand, while I pass by." And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and PROCLAIMED THE NAME OF THE LORD—"The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, and long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression and sin,* and that will by no means clear the guilty," &c.

"In the face of Jesus Christ" is "the glory of God" manifested. In him is all the goodness of Jehovah displayed. "He is the Rock ; his work is perfect ;" He is the Way,

* Verse 7th. In the Hebrew, the word translated "iniquity," signifies *sins wilfully committed*; that translated "transgression," signifies *sins of omission*; and that translated "sin," signifies *sins through error or ignorance*. Thus provision is made for the pardon of *all manner of sin*.

the Truth, and the Life; THE AMEN, the faithful and true Witness, in whom all the promises of God are, yea and Amen! in whom mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other. The severity of God's justice and holiness must be maintained inviolate, as well as his other attributes; for "*He is glorious in holiness*;" sin must not escape unpunished; the sinner could not live in his sight: "he would by no means clear the guilty;" and the iniquity of the father must have rested on him and on his children, from generation to generation, had not Christ interposed—the *Angel of the covenant*, of whom God said, "*my name is in Him*." He undertook to fulfil all the demands of justice, and of the holy, broken law; and to suffer, in his own Person, all the punishment. He who is "over all, God, blessed for evermore," took upon him the nature of sinful man, and made His soul an offering for sin. And here the love of God to a sinful world is manifest; "He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have

everlasting life." He freely gave his "beloved Son," in whom he is "well pleased;" and not only gave him, but "it pleased the Lord to bruise him." And wherefore? "He was bruised for our iniquities; he was wounded for our transgressions, and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all."

By the actual suffering of the Son of God, and *the transfer of guilt to Him*, who standing in the stead of *the guilty*, suffered the punishment which justice must have inflicted, every sinner who believes, is "cleared," while the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever—the truth of Jehovah—is maintained inviolate.

"Christ hath delivered us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." He hath said, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom." *The debt has been paid.* The prisoner is set at liberty: the curse has been removed: the blessing has been given: justice is fully satisfied: mercy is triumphant: love reigns: and the "Lord of peace," the Holy Comforter, descends from above to abide with the purchased possession,


as the earnest and pledge of eternal redemption. "Now the God of peace fill you with all joy and peace in believing: that ye may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost."

It is evident, that the whole work of a sinner's salvation and redemption, *is of God*. The whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, might be brought to bear upon this subject; but this is not the place for quotations. All that is intended is to remind the Invalid, that when Christ died on the cross and cried, "It is finished," *nothing remained to be done for his justification*. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Him that cometh to me," said Christ, "*I will in no wise cast out.*" "WHOSOEVER will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." "He that cometh unto me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." "This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one, that seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day." It is worthy to be remarked, that in this me-

morale conversation with his disciples, recorded in John vi., the Lord Jesus confirmed this assurance of life everlasting to every one that should believe on him, NINE TIMES—at verses 39, 40, 44, 47, 50, 51, 54, 57, 58; as if he said, I will make it impossible for you hereafter to doubt or to be afraid; “*I am the resurrection and the life*; and because I live, ye shall live also.” Peter well understood Him, when he said, (verse 68) “Lord, to whom should we go? *thou hast the words of eternal life.*” And after the resurrection of the Lord, when the angel came and opened the prison doors, Acts v. 20, and brought the apostles forth, he said to them “Go stand in the temple, and speak to the people, *all the words of this life.*” Accordingly, Peter preached to them, Jesus and the resurrection:—“The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged upon a tree; him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel and forgiveness of sins.”

Is any Invalid, who reads this, oppressed under a sense of unworthiness and sin? Let

but this glorious Gospel, with all its freeness and fulness, be received, and peace, and consolation, and joy, light and salvation, will be poured into his soul, and cause every desponding fear to give way—and, *with Peter*, he will be able to say, 1 Peter i. 3, “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again (John iii. 7) to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, which is ready to be revealed in the last time: *wherein ye greatly rejoice*, though now for a season (if need be) ye are in heaviness, through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ; whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable, and



full of glory : receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

In these verses, the experience of every true believer (more or less) is described ; and the hymns are selected to exhibit the same—the love, joy, peace, confidence, assurance—the self-loathing and resignation to the divine will—the desire that Christ may be glorified by him, whether by life or by death—all springing from the same blessed source and almighty agency set forth in the 2nd verse of the same chapter—1 Peter i. 2. "Elect, according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." May the glorious truth of the everlasting Gospel be thus felt, understood, and acknowledged, by *every Invalid* who reads these lines. May the love of God, the Father, who sent his Son to die "for the ungodly," be shed abroad in their hearts, by the power of the Holy Ghost !

May the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, "who loved us, and gave himself for us"—with "mercy and peace," be

multiplied to them ! May they be encouraged by His gracious invitation, to go boldly to the throne of grace, where he is our advocate with the Father, and “is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for us !”

And may the animating, comforting, directing, strengthening, and refreshing influences of the Eternal Spirit—God the Holy Ghost—be poured forth abundantly upon them !
Amen.

H. K.

INTRODUCTORY LINES.

"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep
falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling."—
Job iv. 13, 14.

SOMETIMES amid the hurry, toil and strife,
The claims, the urgencies, the whirl of life;
The soul, perhaps in silence of the night—
Has flashes—transient intervals of light,
When things to come, without a shade of
doubt,
In terrible reality stand out;
These lucid moments suddenly present
A glance of truth, as tho' the heavens were
rent;
And thro' the chasm of pure celestial light,
The future breaks upon the startled sight:
Life's vain pursuits, and Time's advancing
pace,
Appear with death-bed clearness face to
face;
And immortality's expanse sublime,
In just proportion to the speck of time:

While Death, uprising from the silent shades,
Shows his dark outline ere the vision fades ;
In strong relief against the blazing sky,
Appears the shadow as it passes by ;
And though o'erwhelming to the dazzled
brain,

These are the moments when the mind is
sane :

For then a hope of heaven, a Saviour's Cross,
Seem what they are, and all things else but
loss.

Oh ! to be ready—ready for that day,
Would we not give earth's fairest toys away ?
Alas ! how soon its interests cloud the view,
Rush in, and plunge us in the world anew.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE
INVALID'S HYMN BOOK.

PART FIRST.

HYMNS SUITED TO THE AWAKENED INQUIRER, IN THE
TIME OF SICKNESS.

*I.

"Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come
forth a vessel for the finer."—Prov. xxv. 4.

- 1 SICKNESS is a school severe,
Where the soul, (in childhood here,)
Wayward 'neath a milder sway,
Learns to think, and learns to pray.
Blest and wise its discipline,
There the teacher is divine.
- 2 Wert thou thoughtless, led away
By each folly of the day?
Cleaving to the things of earth,
Mindless of thy heavenly birth?
Bless the hour which broke their spell,
Made thee sick to make thee well.

- 3 Wert thou selfish, thinking not
On the starving sufferer's lot ?
Fed with dainties, gaily dressed,
Wert thou by the poor unblessed ?
Now for sufferers thou wilt feel,
God has wounded but to heal.
- 4 Wert thou fretful, harsh, unkind,
Finding nothing to thy mind ?
Though with countless mercies blest,
Never thankful, ne'er at rest ?
Sickness comes to purge thy dross,
Prove thy gain, and not thy loss.
- 5 Wert thou proud, exalted high
By affluence, station, ancestry ?
Oft with supercilious ken
Glancing at thy fellow-men ?
God now strips thee, lays thee low,
All thy nothingness to show.
- 6 Dwelt thy soul at ease, assured
All was well, and heaven secured ?
Didst thou need no better dress
Than thy fancied righteousness ?
Sickness comes to probe thy heart,
Comes to show thee what thou art.
- 7 Is the one thing needed most
That which scarce thy mind has crossed ?

Hast thou earthly science prized,
But the themes of heaven despised ?
God now warns thee, thus he saith,
“ Soul, awake, thy sleep is death !”

II.

“ Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the deep waters, and
thy footsteps are not known.”—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful ones, fresh courage take,
The clouds you so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

III.

"I said in my heart, God shall judge the righteous and the wicked."—Eccles. iii. 17.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry ;
A half-awakened child of man ;
An heir of endless bliss or pain ;
A sinner born to die !
- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
Secure, insensible ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert !
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

- 4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shall come,
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to ensure ;
Thine holy precepts to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will
And to the end endure.

*IV.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."
Isaiah xlv. 22.

- 1 SHORT, very short, the time may be
Remaining now for me on earth ;
My soul, my soul, I think on thee,
Vast is thy worth.
- 2 My body will decay and die,
But thou must live for evermore ;
What wilt thou do, and whither fly,
When time is o'er ?
- 3 My soul, thou must for ever live
In endless bliss, or endless woe ;
Tremendous the alternative
Thou soon must know.

- 4 Thy case admits not of delay,
The fleeting hours fly swiftly on ;
And life's probationary day
Will soon be gone.
- 5 Whither for succour can I turn,
Or how prepare to meet my God ?
Soon must that "undiscovered bourne"
By me be trod.
- 6 With careless ear in days gone by,
I heard of Christ, the sinner's friend ;
Will he in my extremity
His arms extend ?
- 7 Will he a trembling soul receive,
Whose misery is her only plea,
And help me simply to believe
He died for me ?
- 8 Yes ; died to expiate my guilt ;
He bought my pardon with his blood ;
For me that precious blood was spilt,
Incarnate God.
- 9 To thee my soul for refuge flies,
Casting away each fear and doubt ;
Not one who on thy truth relies
Shall be cast out.

*V.

“Behold the Lamb of God.”—John i. 36.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God !
None can with him compare ;
On him Jehovah hath bestowed
Glory none else may share :
Glory no lapse of time can dim—
The Father’s brightness dwells in him.
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God !
Light of the world he shines !
The pilgrim, on life’s toilsome road,
When fainting, he reclines,
Looks up to that refulgent light,
And draws fresh vigour from the sight.
- 3 Behold the Lamb of God !
Turn from all else away !
Look upward to his bright abode,
Now, in this troublous day ;
And he will surely grant relief,
And lighten all thy load of grief.
- 4 Behold the Lamb of God !
He has not died in vain ;
The value of his precious blood
Eternal must remain.
He bought salvation with his death,
For all who look to him in faith.

*VI.

"Call upon me in trouble, I will deliver thee."—Psalm l. 15.

- 1 VAIN is the help of man for me ;
But none in vain seeks help from thee,
Thou God of boundless grace !
Who can set limits to that love.
Which brought Jehovah from above,
To save our ruined race ?
- 2 Wilt thou my humble prayer reject ?
Not willingly dost thou correct
Creatures thy hand has made ;
Now that affliction bows my head,
It is that I may feel my need
Of thee, and seek thine aid.
- 3 O teach me, Lord, to seek thee now,
My self-sufficiency lay low ;
In spirit make me poor ;
Thy promise thou will not disown,
Nor e'er in vain was suppliant known
To knock at mercy's door.
- 4 I turn from all but thee, my God !
Now that thine awful chastening rod
Is stretched in judgment forth ;
With thee alone I have to do ;
To thee alone for help I sue,
And deprecate thy wrath.

- 5 O thou, most holy and most just,
Remember, still I am but dust,
Weak as a bruised reed ;
And let sweet mercy yet prevail—
Thy mercy, Lord, can never fail
When Jesus' name we plead.

*VII.

"In the day of adversity consider."—Eccles. vii. 14.

- 1 LORD, by thy hand withdrawn apart,
From earthly things, and outward scenes ;
What lessons wouldst thou teach my
heart ?
What barrier break that intervenes ?
- 2 Perchance to man my life has seemed
Blameless, defiled by no dark blot ;
But blameless can that life be deemed,
In which my God has been forgot ?
- 3 Is it thy wanderer to reclaim,
That thou contendest now with me ?
Have I not missed life's noblest aim
As yet, not having lived for thee ?
- 4 How have my powers been misapplied
How has a creature born to die,
Been borne along the impetuous tide
Of worldly care and vanity !

- 5 Truths heard of by the outward ear,
I now discern, at least in part ;
“ A small still voice I seem to hear,”
Speaking in mercy to my heart.
- 6 I boast of innocence no more ;
Guilty, yea guilty, Lord, I plead ;
My merits, trusted in before,
Now fail me like a broken reed.
- 7 Hard is that heart which ne’er has felt
The love of God to sinful man ;
Which has not learned to mourn and melt,
Pondering salvation’s wondrous plan.
- 8 “ Blest is the man thou chastenest, Lord !”
Thus speaks the oracle divine ;
Now, on my heart let grace be poured,
And may that blessedness be mine !

*VIII.

“ I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.”—Psalm cxix. 59.

- 1 NOT willingly dost thou afflict
And grieve the souls thy hand has made ;
Now, called by suffering to reflect,
O God, I seek thy pitying aid.

- 2 I feel that I have gone astray,
Have left the path thy word commends ;
I see that I have lost my way,—
But still that word sweet comfort lends.
- 3 It tells me if I seek a guide,
That guide will come to lead me back ;
It tells me strength shall be supplied,
To reach once more the heavenward track.
- 4 My treacherous heart its God forgot,
The flame of love grew cold and dim,
But yet, that God, forsaking not,
Now gives me time to think of Him.
- 5 He now invites me to return,
He deigns to teach me from above ;
Lord, all thou teachest I would learn,
With shame, and gratitude, and love.

*IX.

“I, the Lord, search the heart ; I try the reins.”

Jer. xvii. 10.

- 1 O GOD ! what am I in thy sight ?
Thou, only thou canst read aright
The characters within ;
No fellow-mortal has their clew—
No human scrutiny can view
The ravages of sin.

- 2 Till thy light shone, I never knew
How fearful was my heart to view,
Disordered, false, impure ;
I fondly fancied it was good,
Nor that high standard understood,
Whose test it must endure.
- 3 It once seemed sweet man's praise to hear ;
Now it falls coldly on my ear ;
What is its worth for me ?
Mistaken, partial, at the best,
Is all the approving love expressed ;
None, none my heart can see !
- 4 And I am passing swiftly on
To that tribunal where alone
The estimate is just ;
Where into judgment God will bring
Each hidden thought, each secret thing,
And lay me in the dust.
- 5 Searcher of hearts ! before thine eye,
Though all my sins uncovered lie,
Sins more than I can count ;
Yet one pure drop of precious blood,
Shed by the atoning Lamb of God,
Cancels their whole amount.
- 6 On me that blood be sprinkled now !
Wash me, and make me white as snow,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain !

That blood which our lost world redeemed,
(A ransom adequate esteemed,)
Can never plead in vain.

*X.

"God requireth that which is past."—Eccles. iii. 15.

- 1 PERCHANCE my hours are numbered now,
And life's remaining sands are few ;
Still o'er the past my tears must flow,
Sad the review !
- 2 From unrefreshing sleep I wake,
And while in restlessness I sigh,
A mournful retrospect I take
Of days gone by.
- 3 How oft have I laid down to rest,
And balmy sleep's refreshment shared,
Nor thought of Him my nights who blest,
My life who spared !
- 4 How oft has morning's fragrant breeze,
Whose breath I now no more inhale,
Wafted the joys of health and ease
On every gale.
- 5 But still I slept, and still I woke,
Thankless to Him who all bestowed,
And never, or profanely spoke
Of thee, great God !

- 6 A form of words, a heartless prayer,
This was the homage paid to thee ;
Whose bounteous love, whose ceaseless
care,
Gave all to me.
- 7 I loved my friends, and was beloved,
But self was all in all to me ;
Thy gifts were not for thee improved—
I loved not thee !
- 8 And thus thy first and great command,
If not despised, was disobeyed ;
Well may thy heavy chastening hand
Make me afraid !
- 9 Well may I fear that, now in wrath,
Thou wilt cut short life's brittle thread,
And close for me that narrow path
I would not tread.
- 10 But mercy, mercy I implore
Through Christ's atoning sacrifice,
To Him e'er life's short day be o'er,
I lift my eyes.
- 11 For poor lost sinners he was slain ;
For them he died—for them he lives ;
Hope kindles in my heart again ;
That hope he gives.

XI.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and
I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee ;
Oh ! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
- 3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to me."
- 4 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free ;
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to me."
- 5 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."
- 6 "Come, for all else must fail and die ;"
"Earth is no resting-place for thee ;"

“Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
“I am thy Portion, Come to me.”

- 7 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !
In conflict, grief, and agony ;
Support me, cheer me from above !
And gently whisper, “Come to me.”

XII.

“Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope
the Lord is.”—Jer. xvii. 7.

- 1 CEASE thou from man ; Oh, what to thee,
Can thy poor fellow-mortals be ?
Are they not erring, finite, frail ?
What can their utmost aid avail ?
- 2 Their very love will prove a snare ;
Then, when thy heart becomes aware
Of its own danger, it will bleed
For leaning on a broken reed.
- 3 Why does thy bliss so much depend
On earthly relative, or friend ?
There is a friend who changes never,
The love He gives, He gives for ever.
- 4 He has withdrawn thee now, apart,
To teach these lessons to thy heart ;
Has darkened all thy earthly scene,
That thou on Him alone mayest lean.

- 5 His precious love that balm supplies,
For which thy wounded spirit sighs ;
That only med'cine can make whole
The weary, faint, and sin-sick soul.
- 6 Go to that Friend, poor aching heart,
He knows how desolate thou art ;
He waits—he longs to see thee blest,
And in himself to give thee rest.

*XIII.

“Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him
while he is near.”—Isaiah lv. 6.

- 1 O God ! may I look up to thee ?
I would address thee if I may ;
And this my one request should be,
Teach me to pray.
- 2 Now, in my sorrow I would ask,
What thoughts to think, what words to
say ;
Prayer is a new and arduous task ;
Teach me to pray.
- 3 A heartless form will not suffice,
The self-deemed rich are sent away ;
The heart must bring the sacrifice—
Teach me to pray.
- 4 To whom shall I, thy creature, turn ?
Whom else address ? whom else obey ?

Teach me the lesson I would learn—
Teach me to pray.

5 Now, in my hour of trouble, deign
To bow my spirit to thy sway ;
Now let me ask thee not in vain—
Teach me to pray.

6 To thee alone my eyes look up,
Turn not, O God, thy face away !
Prayer is my only door of hope—
Teach me to pray.

*XIV.

“ I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee, saith the
Lord.”—Jer. xxx. 17.

- 1 TELL me of that great Physician,
Will he undertake my cure ?
Will he freely grant admission
To an applicant so poor ?
None but Jesus
Could to such relief ensure.
- 2 I have not one plea to proffer,
Why such grace I should partake—
No inducement can I offer—
No requital can I make ;
None but Jesus
Heals for his own mercy's sake.
- 3 Yet I know that he has granted
Cures to thousands such as I ;
-

Given them freely all they wanted,
Without money let them buy :
None but Jesus
Every want could thus supply.

- 4 Let me go and spread before him
All my symptoms—all my fears ;
Deeply, gratefully adore him,
While my trembling heart he cheers :
None but Jesus
Wipes away the sufferer's tears.

XV.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock ; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
Who gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long ; is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O gracious attitude ! He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands !
O matchless kindness ! Lo, he shews
This matchless kindness e'en to foes !
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will, the very friend you need ;
The man of Nazareth, 'tis He !
With garments dyed on Calvary.

- 4 If thou art poor, (and poor thou art,)
Lo ! He has riches to impart ;
Not wealth in which mean avarice rolls,
Oh better far ! the wealth of souls.
- 5 Thou'rt blind—he'll take the scales away,
And let in everlasting day ;
Torn and polluted is thy dress ;
He'll robe thee in his righteousness.
- 6 Art thou a weeper, grief shall fly,
For who can weep with Jesus by ?
No terror shall thy soul annoy ;
No tear, except the tear of joy.
- 7 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine ;
That soul-enslaving tyrant, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 8 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
Admit him, and you'll ne'er expel ;
Where Jesus comes, he comes to dwell.
- 9 Admit him ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return ;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
When at his door denied you'll stand.
- 10 Yet know—nor of the terms complain—
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign,

To reign, and with no partial sway,
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

- 11 Sovereign of souls ! thou Prince of peace !
Oh, may thy gentle reign increase !
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be thine empire all mankind !

*XVI.

PRAYER FOR FAITH.

“ Christ shall give thee light.”—Eph. v. 14.

- 1 LORD of all power and might !
Grant me that inward sight,
Which views the things unseen ;
All earthly objects fade,
My life, a fleeting shade,
Ne’er for one moment stayed,
Will soon have crossed the scene.
- 2 Each moment it moves on,
Still hastening to be gone,
’Till seen on earth no more,
I reach that unknown state,
Where souls thy sentence wait,
To fix their lasting fate,
And hope of change is o’er.
- 3 Now, while there yet is time,
While earth’s brief day grows dim—
Darkened by pain and woe ;

Kindle that lamp of faith,
Which can make bright my path,
E'en through the vale of death,
If thither now I go.

- 4 Man cannot wake the spark
In my soul's chamber dark—
Nor keep the flame alive ;
Kindling thyself the light,
Deign thou to keep it bright,
Till where there is no night,
In safety I arrive.

*XVII.

"Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law."—Psalm xciv. 12.

- 1 WHEN this poor tenement of clay
Becomes a lifeless clod,
Shall I, exulting, soar away
To an unseen abode ?
- 2 O let me not with terror shrink
From questions such as these !
My God has sent, to bid me think,
His messenger, Disease.
- 3 I bless that God, who, from above,
This needful call has sent ;
Who weans me from terrestrial love
By gentle chastisement.

- 4 Divine Physician ! Heavenly Friend !
Whose smile insures success,
The medicine thou hast deigned to send,
Oh deign thyself to bless.
- 5 Let suffering work the end designed,
Nor let one thought repine ;
Teach me to feel thy chastening kind,
To love thy discipline.
- 6 That heavenly appetite restore,
Which hungers after thee ;
Renew those holy traits once more,
Which mark thy family.
- 7 Ere long, I must for ever part
With all, my God, but thee !
Claim thou my undivided heart,
My hope my portion be !
- 8 Thy presence can alone suffice
This heart with peace to fill ;
With thee though robbed of earthly bliss,
I can be happy still.

XVIII.

"There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."

Psalm cxxx. 4.

- 1 O LORD my God ! in mercy turn—
In mercy, hear a sinner mourn ;
To thee I call—to thee I cry—
O leave me, leave me not to die

- 2 O pleasures past what are ye now,
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain!
- 3 For pleasures I have given my soul,
Now, justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now vengeance smite, and with a blow
Lay the rebellious ingrate low!
- 4 Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crouch beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there—
Even me, Oh bliss! his love may spare.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

*XIX.

FOR ONE WHO HAS LIVED IN SCEPTICISM.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways
my ways, saith the Lord."—Isaiah lv. 8.

- 1 Is this the end of all my schemes?
My buoyant hopes, and golden dreams,
All withered in an hour!
Within this curtained space confined,
Suffering in body, vexed in mind,
How futile is their power!
- 2 My friends are filled with anxious grief,
Their love can yield me no relief;
I sigh to see them grieve;

The mighty Maker of my frame,
That God from whom my spirit came,
He only can relieve.

3 Almighty God ! to thee I bow ;
Would thou wert not a stranger now !
Can prayer from *me* avail,
When, throughout all I sought and
schemed,
The one important thing was deemed
A cheat—an idle tale !

4 I disbelieved the record given,
Thy message to lost man from heaven,
I disbelieved man's fall ;
But cleared from every shade of doubt,
Truth's stern realities stand out—
Thy light now shews them all.

5 Still, still the voice of mercy says,
“ Thy ways resmble not our ways ;
Thy thoughts like ours are not ;”
Though now, this chastening, so severe,
Grievous and terrible appear,
Worse might have been my lot.

6 Death might at once have plunged me
there,
Where all is anguish and despair,
Throughout eternity ;

Or fierce delirium might prevent
This heart, now striving to repent,
From turning thus to thee.

- 7 Humbling myself beneath thy hand,
Teach me, O God, to understand,
And not resist thy will.
Let not my chief dependence be
On human aid, but fixed on thee,
'Tis thine to heal or kill.
- 8 This bitter pain, this grief of mind,
In mercy still may be designed—
My senseless heart to move ;
Comfort once more the thought conveys,
“ Thy ways resemble not our ways ”—
Thy name, O God, is love.

*XX.

‘The Lord giveth wisdom ; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.’—Prov. ii. 6.

- 1 ALONE, in weariness and pain,
To God my spirit may complain ;
He will not turn away ;
From this, his long-neglected book,
To which I now for comfort look,
Hope sheds a cheering ray.
- 2 Divine Historian of man’s heart !
Thy heavenly pages can impart
That wisdom high and pure,

- By which alone the soul can learn,
Her true condition to discern,
Her misery, and its cure.
- 3 My wisdom I must lay aside,
Reason—in things of earth my guide—
Knows not the things of heaven ;
A holier guidance I implore,
Would I had sought this aid before !
God's Spirit must be given.
- 4 Thou, whom as yet I have not known !
Spirit of truth ! by thee alone
Would I, henceforth be led ;
If now, that health has been withdrawn,
Thy light upon my darkness dawn—
Welcome be this sick bed !
- 5 Spirit of truth ! celestial Guide !
Subdue my préjudice and pride,
Quell thou this inward strife ;
Those comprehensive words repeat,
Revealing Him in whom they meet—
“ The way, the truth, the life.”

XXI.

“Then there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want.”—Luke xv. 14.

- 1 A FAMINE has arisen indeed,
And I am distant far from home,
On husks no longer can I feed,
No longer as an exile roam.

- 2 O I begin to be in want !
Sickness has filled my heart with fear,
Not one around relief can grant,
Death, only death awaits me here !
- 3 I will arise and seek his face,
My Father—yes my Father still !
To his abode my steps retrace,
And ask some menial's place to fill.
- 4 But can he e'er forget that day,
When madly in my pride of heart,
I flung off his parental sway,
Resolved to dwell from him apart ?
- 5 Ne'er since that hour have I found rest,
But dare I now his aid implore ?
Beggared and sick, and sore distressed,
Will he not spurn me from his door ?
- 6 Lo ! he descries me from afar,
He hastes the outcast to embrace !
What goodness can with his compare ?
My Father ! boundless is thy grace.
- 7 While contrite at thy feet I fall,
Owning my guilt with faltering voice,
Not only dost thou pardon all,
But o'er thy long-lost child rejoice.
- 8 Well may such goodness break my heart,
Father ! my wanderings now are o'er ;

But O such love, such fear impart,
That I may never grieve thee more !

*XXII.

“ Have pity upon me, O my friends : for the hand of the Lord
hath touched me.”—Job xix. 21.

- 1 I LOOK around me, all is sad,
Faces beloved no longer glad—
In silence o'er me bend ;
They see me wasting, worn with pain,
They see the help of man is vain,
To God their prayers ascend.
- 2 Backward I look—through by-gone years,
An awful register appears,
Of debts I ne'er can pay ;
Duties omitted, time misused,
Talents neglected or abused,—
Heart-sick I turn away.
- 3 I look within—appalling sight !
There, where I fancied all was right,
Throughout confusion reigns :
All evil passions there seem pent ;
Impatience, pride, dark discontent,
Which God himself arraigns.
- 4 Forward I look—there, dark and dread,
Lies the lone path I soon must tread ;
Low whispered sounds I hear ;

“The second death, the wrath to come,”
“The judgment seat, the eternal doom,”
My spirit faints with fear.

5 Still, still there's hope—I look above,
I trace the record, “God is love,”
I read engraven there—
“God to his mercy will receive,”
“All who in Jesus Christ believe”—
This saves me from despair.

6 O Son of God, to thee I look !
For me unseal that heavenly book
Which testifies of thee ;
That Spirit may I now receive,
Who teaches sinners to believe—
Blest Spirit ! teach thou me.

*XXIII.

“Commune with your own heart.”—Psalm iv. 4.

1 It matters not, when fruit appears,
Whether its seed were sown in tears ;
While this poor frame is ill at ease,
And earthly objects cease to please,
Now may the power of faith prevail,
Unfolding scenes within the veil,
Not distant, shadowy, and obscure ;
But near, and well-defined, and sure.

- 2 A nobler life dwells deep within
Than this poor frame's, defiled with sin ;
A life so precious, weal or woe,
Hangs solely on its ebb or flow ;
E'en while the body wastes, it thrives ;
E'en while the body dies, it lives ;
Heavenward it tends, from heaven be-
stowed,
Its source is "hid with Christ in God."
- 3 If these dark hours, this suffering state,
That life divine invigorate ;
If now God's Spirit work within,
Increasing faith, subduing sin,
Time thus employed, is gained, not lost,
Though selfish hopes and schemes be
crossed ;
My plans, my wishes I resign ;
"Father ! Thy will be done, not mine !"
- 4 Oh ! If as yet thine eye in me
Has vainly sought some trace to see,
Of likeness to thy Son, my Lord,—
His image to my soul restored,
Now make these hours of lonely pain,
A means that likeness to attain,
Since even He, our Lord, our Head,
Was here by suffering perfected.

*XXIV.

"Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."—Ps. cxix. 75.

- 1 GRACIOUS, Lord, have been thy dealings
 With thy sinful, wayward child ;
 All my wrong rebellious feelings,
 Thou hast met with patience mild :
Love and wisdom all divine,
 Mark my needful discipline.
- 2 With a Father's tender pity,
 Long the stroke didst thou delay ;
While from many a kind entreaty,
 Heedlessly I turned away ;
Nor wouldst thou have laid me low,
 But to save from endless woe.
- 3 Still, in spite of all thy kindness,
 Thy forbearing love towards me,
I lived on in wilful blindness,
 Ignorant of myself and thee ;
While the things of earth I prized,
 Heavenly knowledge I despised.
- 4 Mine was folly beyond measure,
 Thus eternal life to slight ;
Now this everlasting treasure
 Fills my thoughts by day, by night.
E'en midst feebleness and pain,
 This rich treasure I may gain.

- 5 Lord, I thank thee for thy chastening,
E're 'twas sent, I went astray ;
From my mind the mists are hastening,
Which obscured the heavenly ray ;
Light and grace wilt thou bestow,
Now myself and thee to know.

*XXV.

Without faith it is impossible to please God."—Heb. xi. 6.

- 1 IN the volume of the book
God to man from heaven has sent,
In the words the Saviour spoke,
Faith stands out pre-eminent ;
Clear, where'er the vision turns,
Like the polar star it burns.
- 2 Ere his miracles were wrought,
Faith a requisite was deemed,
This, in every heart he sought,
This, above all else esteemed ;
"Without faith"—'tis here engraved,
"None are pardoned—none are saved."
- 3 While to me affliction brings
From terrestrial cares release,
Turns my thoughts to holier things,
Things "belonging to my peace ;"
Teach me, Lord, by light divine,
What is faith, and make it mine.

- 4 Is it simply to believe
 All this wondrous book contains ?
Is it meekly to receive
 All it teaches—not explains ?
Without doubts or scruples nice,
 “ Thus saith God,”—must this suffice ?
- 5 Is it, above all, to own
 Him, the slighted Nazarene,
As Jehovah’s equal Son,
 Who eternally has been ;
Perfect God, and perfect man ?
Truths no finite mind can scan.
- 6 Jesus ! as a little child,
 At thy footstool I sit down ;
By man’s glosses unbeguiled,
 Learning truth from Thee alone ;
Lord ! how strait so’er the gate,
Here I knock, and here I wait.
- 7 Thou of faith the Author art—
 Thou alone canst faith bestow ;
Plant this germ within my heart,
 Root it deep, and make it grow ;
Thou, from whom such gifts proceed,
Thou art Lord and God indeed.

*XXVI.

"And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."—Gen. xxviii. 16.

- 1 AM I to this seclusion brought,
As wandering Jacob first was taught,
In solitude and woe,
To look on things before unseen,
And in the still night serene,
His father's God to know ?
- 2 Alone and weary as he laid,
A wondrous ladder was displayed,
Reaching from earth to heaven ;
Ascending and descending there,
Angels (who perhaps made him their care)
To his charmed sight were given.
- 3 He felt that God was in that place,
He learned to prize and seek his grace,
And there before him vowed—
"That if, through all his future track,
"He thither came in safety back,"
"The Lord should be his God."
- 4 Like him, a wanderer I have been,
And waking in this lonely scene,
I feel that God is here ;
While, bright with supernatural ray,
Shines forth that new and living way"
Which brings the sinner near.

- 5 Apart from man, in this still hour,
He, who might crush me by his power,
A covenant deigns to make ;
And if, supplying all my need,
He, to the end, my steps will lead,
Him for my God I take.
- 6 If health once more he deign to give,
Then for his glory may I live,
May all to him be given !
If not, while angels o'er me bend,
Those golden steps may I ascend,
Which lead the soul to heaven !

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*XXVII.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray."—Ps. cxix. 67.

- 1 LIGHT beams upon my inward eye,
New thoughts awake, new things I see ;
Is this "the day-spring from on high,"
Shining on me ?
- 2 The God of love my soul has met ;
He gently draws me from above ;
And though I do not love him yet,
I long to love.
- 3 My time of suffering and distress
Has proved his time of pardoning grace ;
Now, that he chastens but to bless,
I clearly trace.

- 4 Earth's vanities my soul beguiled,
I never sought his will to know ;
But to reclaim his wandering child,
He brought me low.
- 5 The past appears a feverish dream
Of folly and insensate mirth,
And now the things eternal seem
Of boundless worth.
- 6 My soul once dead begins to move,
Roused by a hand divine from sleep,
My heart, once cold, begins to love,
My eye to weep.
- 7 Lord, while this heavenly light is shed,
Which, while I gaze, seems still t' increase,
Shall not my wandering steps be led
To paths of peace.
- 8 Light of the world ! Thou, thou hast shone,
With life and healing in thy ray !
Now clear my path, and lead me on
To realms of day.

*XXVIII.

"Blessed are they that mourn."—Matt. v. 4.

- 1 AND is it written, "Blest are they that
mourn" ?
Let me to these sweet words for comfort
turn,

Now that I need some bright celestial ray
To cheer me in the dark and cloudy day.

- 2 I heard the words when health and joy were
lent,

But paused not then, to ponder what they
meant;

Now fraught with a significance divine,
This blessedness, they tell me, *may* be mine.

- 3 Surely these words were spoken for *my* sake,
By Him whose words were such as man
ne'er spake;

"A man of sorrows" he himself became,
That sufferers his sympathy may claim.

- 4 I mourn for suffering, but a voice within
Bids me less mourn for suffering than for
sin;

'Tis to the broken and the contrite heart
That pitying Saviour comfort will impart.

- 5 Saviour of men! to thee I yield my soul,
Renew my will, my every thought control;
Let me in this thy tender mercy trace,
Among thy mourners to have found a place.

XXIX.

"It is finished."—John xix. 30.

- 1 "'Tis finished," the Redeemer said,
And meekly bowed his dying head;
Whilst we this sentence scan,

Come, sinners, and observe the word,
Behold the conquest of our Lord,
Complete for helpless man.

2 Finished the righteousness of grace,
Finished for sinners, pardoning peace ;
Their mighty debt is paid ;
Accusing law, cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God,
In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim ?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can shew ;
Justice itself a friend appears,
The prison-house a whisper hears,
“ Loose him and let him go.”

4 O unbelief, injurious bar !
Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply ?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
“ 'Tis finished ” still may answer all,
And silence every cry.

*XXX.

“ As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.”—John iii. 14.

1 MOURNER ! art thou conscience-stricken,
Deeply now convinced of sin,
Powerless thy dead soul to quicken,

By the serpent stung within ?
To the cross look up and live,
Life and health one look can give

- 2 Jesus, on that cross suspended,
Died to expiate thy guilt—
Satisfied God's law offended,
Saved thee by the blood he spilt ;
To the cross look up and live,
Life and health one look can give.

- 3 God will, for his sake, forgive thee,
Boldly through his name apply,
Perfect soundness he will give thee,
If on him be fixed thine eye ;
To the cross look up and live,
Life and health one look can give.

***XXXI.**

"They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them
out of their distresses."—Pa. cvii. 28.

ON THE CESSATION OF VIOLENT PAIN.

- 1 O THOU from whom all healing flows !
Source of each virtue plants contain !
Blest be thy mercy which bestows
Kind mitigation of my pain !
- 2 My groans and cries no longer pierce
Hearts that have ached, have bled for me ;
Disease no more with onset fierce,
Racks my whole frame with agony.

- 3 I thank thee for the respite given,
The dawn of hope which re-appears ;
Friends who against despair have striven,
Now smile and wipe away their tears.
- 4 But O, my God, I feel, I feel,
Taught by the rod, that deep within,
A sickness thou alone canst heal
Lies rooted,—the disease of sin.
- 5 While I seemed hastening to the tomb,
Light from above appeared to dart,
Revealing, through the awful gloom,
The plague, the evil of my heart.
- 6 Thou ! who, in part, hast made me whole,
Thy mercy's work is incomplete,
If, 'mid the body's cure, the soul
Languish in danger still more great.
- 7 I feel its danger—where, oh ! where
Can healing for the soul be found ?
Henceforth, be this my only care,
And let thy mercy's work be crowned !

*XXXII.

"For she is a sinner."—Luke vii. 39.

- 1 I AM a sinner !—yet from such
Thou wilt not turn away ;
I owe I cannot tell how much,
And I have nought to pay ;

But, Saviour, though th' accuser taunt,
Thou wilt a free acquittal grant.

2 I am a sinner !—Lord, with tears,
My guiltiness I own ;
Great, e'en to me, my guilt appears ;
All, all to thee is known ;
But those will love thee most indeed,
Who from the heaviest debt are freed.

3 I am a sinner !—no excuse,
No justifying plea,
No argument can I adduce,
Why pardoned I should be ;
I can but owe the largest debt
Free grace has ever cancelled yet.

4 I am a sinner !—yet I know
Towards such thou wilt descend ;
For thou, when sojourning below,
Wert called “ the Sinner's Friend ;”
Lord, let me prize the humblest name
By which thy friendship I may claim.

5 I am a sinner !—once my pride
From such a name recoiled ;
But on the bed of sickness tried,
Of every boast despoiled,
I feel that all without, within,
Is ruined and defiled by sin.

- 6 I am a sinner ! while I live
 This must be still my name ;
 Forgiveness hourly thou must give,
 And I must hourly claim ;
 But death will come to set me free—
 The sinner then a saint will be.

XXXIII.

“ He is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto
 God by him.”—Heb. vii. 25.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Now is the accepted hour ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power !
 He is able,
 He is willing—doubt no more.
- 2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome !
 God’s free bounty glorify ;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is that you have need of him :
 This he shews you,
 By his Spirit’s rising beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
“ IT IS FINISHED ! ”
Sinners, will not this suffice.
- 6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascended !
Pleads the merit of his blood :
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

XXXIV.

"He openeth also their ear to discipline."—Job xxxvi. 10.

- 1 CHAMBER of sickness ! much to thee I
owe,
Though dark thou be ;
The lessons it imports me most to know,
I owe to thee !
A sacred seminary thou hast been,
I trust, to train me for a happier scene.
- 2 Chamber of sickness ! suffering and alone,
My friends withdrawn,
The blessed beams of heavenly truth have
shone
On me forlorn,
With such a hallowed vividness and power,
As ne'er were granted to a brighter hour.
- 3 Chamber of sickness ! midst thy silence oft,
A voice is heard,
Which though it fall like dew on flowers so
soft,
Yet speaks each word
Into the aching heart's unseen recess,
With power no earthly accents could possess.

4 Chamber of sickness ! in that bright abode,
 “ Where “ there is no more pain,”
If, through the merits of my Saviour God,
 A seat I gain,
This theme shall tune my golden harp’s soft
 lays, |
That in thy shelter passed my earthly days.

PART SECOND.

HYMNS SUITED IN THE TIME OF SICKNESS TO THE HUMBLE
PENITENT, AND TO THE REJOICING BELIEVER.

XXXV.

“Who is a God like unto thee, who pardoneth iniquity, transgression, and sin.”—Micah vii. 18.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders ! all thy ways
Are worthy of thyself divine ;
But the fair glories of thy grace,
Beyond thine other wonders shine ;
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive !
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share ;
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
I take the pardon of my God ;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye—
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood ;
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

- 4 O may this great, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above !
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

*XXXVI.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."
John vi. 37.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict—many a doubt,
"Fightings and fears within, without,"
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

XXXVII.

“Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually
resort.”—Psalm lxxi. 3.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleave me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know—
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling,

Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne :
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

***XXXVIII.**

“Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him
a name which is above every name.”—Phil. ii. 9.

- 1 THERE is none other name than thine,
Jehovah Jesus ! name divine !
On which to rest for sins forgiven ;
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.
- 2 There is none other name but thine,
When Satan and his hosts combine,
Vexing my soul with sore distress,
To quench their darts, and whisper peace.
- 3 There is none other name but thine,
When cares, and fears, and griefs are mine,
That with balsamic power can heal
Each care, and fear, and grief I feel.

- 4 There is none other name but thine,
When dark portent and fearful sign,
Thick gathering o'er the horizon lower,
To be my stronghold and my tower.
- 5 There is no other name than thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And e'en in death to be my life.
- 6 Name above every name ! thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days,
Jehovah Jesus ! name divine,
Rock of Salvation ! thou art mine.

*XXXIX.

“Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.”

Psalm li. 9.

- 1 EVEN when thy balm of healing,
Gracious Lord ! has been bestowed,
Still with many a painful feeling,
Is the contrite heart o'erflowed ;
Thoughts of anguish rise within,
Waken'd by remembered sin.
- 2 Conscience brings the past before me,
Present is that past with thee ;
Memory's tide comes rushing o'er me,
Like an overwhelming sea,
Plung'd amid the waves I cry
“Lord, have mercy, or I die.”

- 3 On the bed of sickness lying,
When the past weighs down my soul,
Then thy heavenly balm applying,
Comforter ! my griefs control !
Shew me all that fearful past,
By the atoning blood effaced.
- 4 When unnumbered sins recalling,
The accuser drawing nigh,
Spreads the catalogue appalling
Full before my mental eye,
Then, oh blessed Spirit ! say,
“ Christ has washed them all away.”
- 5 E'en when flesh and blood are failing,
This will give me perfect peace,
Faith o'er guilt and fear prevailing—
Faith will bid all trouble cease !
In Himself, my hiding-place,
Christ will shield me with his grace.

XL.

“ Plead thou my cause, O Lord.”—Psalm xxxv. 1.

- 1 PLEAD thou—oh plead my cause ;
Each self-excusing plea,
My trembling soul withdraws,
And flies to thee ;
When Justice rears her throne,
Ah, who—save thee alone,
May stand, O spotless One ?
Plead thou my cause !

- 2 Ah ! plead not aught of mine,
Before thine altar throne ;
Fragments—when all is thine—
All—all thine own !
Thou seest what stains they bear ;
Oh, since each tear, each prayer,
Hath need of pardon there,—
Plead thou my cause !
- 3 With lips that dying breathed
Blessings for words of scorn ;
With brow where I had wreathed
The piercing thorn ;
With breast to whose pure tide
He did the weapon guide,
Who had no home beside,—
Plead thou my cause !
- 4 Plead—when the tempter's art,
To each fond hope of mine,
Denies this faithless heart
Can e'er be thine.
If slander whisper too,
The sin I never knew,
Thou who could'st urge the true—
Plead thou my cause !
- 5 Oh ! plead my cause above ;
Plead thine within my breast ;
Till there, thy peaceful Dove
Shall build her nest.

Thou know'st this will—how frail,
Thou know'st, tho' language fail—
My soul's mysterious tale ;—
Plead thou my cause.

*XLI.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."—Psalm li. 10.

- 1 THY precious blood ! That, that alone
Can cleanse me from all sin !
Now, Saviour, let its power be known,
To make me pure within.
- 2 Thy precious blood, O Lamb of God,
My Lord, my righteousness !
That first the balm of hope bestowed,
My breaking heart to bless.
- 3 That precious blood of worth unknown,
But to the God who gave,
Eternally sufficed alone
A ruined world to save.
- 4 That precious blood to me revealed,
Proved full atonement made ;
The verdict which condemned, repealed—
My costly ransom paid.
- 5 That precious blood ! Thy Spirit came
Its balsam to apply,
Bound up my wounds, my fears o'ercame,
And fixed on Thee my eye.

- 6 That precious blood ! oft when I kneel,
Cold and ashamed in prayer,
I look to Heaven, and comfort feel,
For me 'tis pleading there.
- 7 That precious blood in life's last night,
My panoply shall be ;
And death, forbidden in wrath to smite,
Shall only set me free.

*XLII.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit."—Psalm li. 17.

- 1 LORD, if thou deignest to impart
Sweet peace and heavenly joy to me,
With deepest penitence of heart,
Oh ! let them still united be !
- 2 For ill would it become thy child
E'er to forget what I have been ;
Though thou, benign and reconciled,
Shed'st on me now thy smile serene.
- 3 I would "walk softly" all my days,
Whether my life be long or brief ;
And even with my hymns of praise,
Would blend the tear of contrite grief.
- 4 Thou hast forgiven all my sin,
For ever blessed be thy name !
But still, whene'er I look within,
My own heart covers me with shame.

- 5 And not an hour its flight can speed,
 (Nor will, I fear, till life shall end,)
 In which by thought, or word, or deed,
 I do not against thee offend.
- 6 When I have reached that blissful shore,
 Where sin can ne'er defile nor grieve,
 Then only shall I weep no more,
 And joy of penitence take leave.

*XLIII.

AN ACT OF FAITH IN SICKNESS.

- 1 Do I not trust in thee, O Lord ?
 Do I not rest on thee alone ?
 Is not the comfort of thy word
 The sweetest cordial I have known ?
 When vex'd with care, bowed down with
 grief,
 Where else could I obtain relief ?
- 2 And is it not my chief desire
 To feel a passing stranger here ?
 Do not my thoughts and hopes aspire
 Beyond this transitory sphere ?
 And art not thou, while here I roam,
 My hope, my hiding-place, my home ?
- 3 And now, that weakness and decay
 Forewarn me that my change draws nigh,
 Do I not feel, from day to day,
 Thou lookest down with pitying eye ?

Do I not hear a "small still voice"
Bidding me still "in hope rejoice?"

- 4 Oh yes! these things are real and true,
Thy promise is for ever sure;
And all I now am passing through,
And all I yet may have to endure,
Will but endear thy word to me,
And draw me nearer, Lord, to thee.
- 5 To thee my inmost spirit clings,
Like the poor dove that left the ark!
When I forsake thy sheltering wings,
I meet a waste of waters dark;
Then back I fly, and grace implore,
Never to wander from thee more.
- 6 And now on thee I cast my soul;
Come life or death, come ease or pain;
Thy presence can each fear control,
Thy grace can to the end sustain—
Those whom thou lovest, heavenly Friend,
Thou lovest even to the end.

XLIV.

"They came to a place which was named Gethsemane. Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with his disciples."—Mark xiv. 82; John xviii. 2.

- 1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,
(As divine historians say)

To a garden oft would go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay ;
When from noise he would be free,
Then he sought Gethsemane.

2 Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came ;
There the heavenly truths he taught,
Often set their hearts on flame ;
All things to them seemed to agree
To endear Gethsemane.

3 Here they oft conversing sat,
Or might join with Christ in prayer,
Oh ! what blest devotion that,
When the Lord himself was there !
Yet how little could they see
Why he chose Gethsemane.

4 Full of love to man's lost race,
On his conflict much he thought,
This he knew the destined place,
And he loved the sacred spot ;
Love to them, and love to me,
Made him love Gethsemane.

5 Many woes had he endured ;
Many sore temptations met ;
Patient, and to pain inured ;
But the sorest trial yet,
Was to be sustained in thee,
Mournful, dark Gethsemane !

- 6 Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God.
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane !
- 7 View him in that dark recess,
Agonizing, bathed in blood,
View thy Maker's deep distress,
Hear the cries and groans of God ;
Then reflect what sin must be
Gazing on Gethsemane !
- 8 Oh ! what wonders love has done,
But how little understood,
God well knows, and God alone,
What produced that sweat of blood ;
Who can thy deep mysteries see,
Wonderful Gethsemane ?
- 9 There my God bore all my guilt,
This through grace can be believed ;
But the horrors that he felt,
Are too vast to be conceived ;
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dread Gethsemane !
- 10 Lord ! I have no claim to share
In a favour so divine,

But since sin first brought thee there,
None have greater sins than mine ;
And to this, my mournful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane !

11 Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws ;
Sins against his love, his blood,
Sins against his name and cause ;
Sins immense as is the sea—
Hide me, O Gethsemane !

12 Here's my claim, and here alone,
None a Saviour more can need,
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
No ! not one good work to plead ;
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
But in rich Gethsemane.

13 Saviour ! all the stone remove
From my flinty frozen heart ;
Thaw it with thy beams of love ;
Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart ;
To that cleansing fount I flee,
Opened in Gethsemane.

14 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
One Almighty God of love,
Hymned by all the heavenly host
In thy shining courts above,
We, poor sinners, gracious Three !
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

*XLV.

"Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."—1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 SICKNESS is a hallowed season,
If in God the soul confide ;
Sophistries of human reason,
Satan's nets are cast aside ;
Man his utter ignorance learns,
And to Christ for wisdom turns.
- 2 Lord ! my every hope reposes
Solely, thankfully on thee,
But as yet thy light discloses
Guilt, and only guilt in me ;
Take off my polluted dress,
Robe me in thy righteousness.
- 3 Though I feel my sufferings painful,
Worn in body, faint in mind,
Welcome they will prove, and gainful,
If they work the end designed ;
Make it, Lord, my hourly prayer,
In thy holiness to share.
- 4 Soon, thy glorious work completed,
Sufferings I shall need no more ;
Pure in heart, and new created,
Thou thine image wilt restore :
Then from every bond set free,
Lord, thy glory I shall see. E

XLVI.

"Transformed by the renewing of your mind."—Rom. xii. 2.

- 1 WHEN with my mind devoutly prest,
Dear Saviour ! my revolving breast
Would past offences trace,
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleased behold, admiring too,
The power of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue, by sinful words defiled,
These feet to erring paths beguiled,
In heavenly league agree :
Who could believe such lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding ways
Should ever lead to thee !
- 3 These eyes that once abused their sight,
Now lift to thee their watery light,
And weep a silent flood ;
These hands ascend in ceaseless prayer,
O wash away the stains they wear,
In thy redeeming blood.
- 4 These ears that pleased could entertain
Discourse unhallowed, songs profane,
When round the festal board,
Now deaf to all the enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
And press to hear thy word.

- 5 Thus art thou served in every part—
O wouldst Thou more transform my heart,
That drossy thing refine !
Then grace shall nature's strength control,
And a new creature, body—soul—
Be Lord ! for ever thine !

XLVII.

“He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted.”—Luke iv. 18.

- 1 HEAL me Immanuel, here I am,
Waiting to feel thy touch,
Deep wounded souls thy pity claim,
And, Saviour, mine is such !
- 2 My faith is feeble, I confess,
I faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt thou pity me the less ?
Be that far from thee, Lord.
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief :
“ Lord, I believe !” with tears he cried—
“ Help thou my unbelief !”
- 4 She too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, “ Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears I come,
To touch thee if I may :
O send me not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

*XLVIII.

"The heart knoweth his own bitterness."—Prov. xiv. 10.

- 1 SAVIOUR, whene'er I search my heart,
Such guilt, such wretchedness I see,
This thought alone can hope impart,
Is any thing too hard for thee ?
- 2 Rebellious feelings there repine,
Because my days pass wearily,
Can my will ever blend with thine ;
Is any thing too hard for thee ?
- 3 I ask myself, with grief oppressed,
"Can grace, e'en here triumphant be ;
"May I on this firm anchor rest,
"That nothing is too hard for thee ?"
- 4 And then, a small still voice replies,
"Why slow of heart and faithless be ?
"Lift to yon glorious arch thine eyes,
"Is any thing too hard for me ?"
- 5 Whate'er disturbs, within, without,
Whate'er assaults or threatens me,
Let this repel each fear, each doubt,
Lord, nothing is too hard for thee.

XLIX.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."—Psalm cxix. 71.

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !
It guides me in the peaceful way :
I think upon it all the day.
- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health,
What are the joys compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows.
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed :
Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
And straight I turn unto my God.
- 4 What tho' it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thine hand that caused the smart :
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe !

*L.

"Go and sin no more."—John viii. 11.

- 1 SPEAK, my Saviour, speak to me,
With divine effectual power—
Weeping, I look up to thee—
Bid me "go and sin no more."

- 2 Thou art full of pardoning love,
Thou canst grant what I implore;
Now thy pitying mercy prove,
Bid me "go and sin no more."
- 3 Thou upbraidest not thy child;
Deeply I the past deplore,
Now with gracious accents mild,
Bid me "go and sin no more."
- 4 Nothing can I see but sin,
It has tainted my heart's core;
There it spreads, without, within,
Can "*I* go and sin no more?"
- 5 'Tis for man too hard a task,
But thou *canst* my soul restore;
Saviour! this alone I ask—
Bid me "go and sin no more."
- 6 Self-condemned—without a plea,
Guilty—lost—like her of yore,
Mine may her acquittal be!
Bid me "go and sin no more."
- 7 Oh, how blest will be that day,
When, while I thy love adore,
I shall never need to say,
Bid me "go and sin no more!"

LI.

"Lovest thou me."—John xxi. 16.

- 1 HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord !
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ;
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee."
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath ;
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shall be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee, and adore—
O for grace to love Thee more !

*LII.

"A man shall be as an hiding-place."—Isaiah xxxii. 2.

- 1 THE man who is a hiding-place,
The incarnate God who died for me,
Has saved me by his boundless grace,
And deigns my hiding place to be ;
Around me winds and storms may chafe,
But I am sheltered—I am safe.
- 2 The cheering sense of pardoned sin,
The blessed Spirit's work divine,
Diffuse a hallowed calm within,
And light around me seems to shine ;
Bright and more bright will grow the ray,
Till merged in cloudless, endless day.
- 3 It is not rapturous joy I feel,
But humble hope, and heavenly peace ;
He, who vouchsafed my soul to heal,
Bids every dark foreboding cease ;
And when the accuser would draw nigh,
Rebukes him, quells him, bids him fly.
- 4 It is not that I do not grieve,
And deeply mourn transgressions past,
But still, unfaltering, I believe
My Saviour all my sins has cast
Into the depths of mercy's sea—
No more remembered they shall be

- 5 Now, in my hiding-place secure,
What though my body droop and die,
Still to the end shall I endure ;
To me no evil shall come nigh ;
My soul in Jesus has found rest,
And leans, confiding, on his breast.

LIII.

“Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect ? It is God that justifieth ; who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.”—Rom. viii. 33, 34.

- 1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief ?
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me ?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged on thee ?
- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er thy people owed :
How then can wrath on me take place,
If sheltered in thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with thy blood ?
- 3 Turn, then, my soul ! unto thy rest ;
The merits of thy Great High Priest
Speak peace and liberty ;

Trust in his all-atoning blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee !

LIV.

“ That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith ; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.”—Ephes. iii. 17.

- 1 My Saviour ! thou didst shed
Thy precious blood for me ;
Oh dwell within my worthless heart,
And let me live to Thee !
- 2 Thou callest me, O Lord !
To come to Thee and live ;
I therefore come with all my sins ;
I know thou canst forgive.
- 3 Jesus, my gracious Lord,
I long to see thy face ;
To know Thee more and more by faith,
And daily grow in grace.
- 4 And when this life is o'er,
O may I dwell with Thee !
Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
Who lived and died for me.

LV.

"How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God."
—Heb. ix. 14.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

LVI.

"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."—2 Cor. vi. 10.

- 1 MOUNT, my soul, to things above,
Speed thy flight from earthly love,
Through this thorny desert flow
Streams of bitterness and woe ;
Here thy portion's to complain,
Grieve for sin, and grieve again ;
Here thy faith, like silver tried,
Must the fiery test abide.
- 2 Yet exult in Christ, my soul !
He can all thy griefs control,
He a sovereign balm can find,
Healing to the wounded mind ;
Only trust the Prince of Peace,
Soon shall all thy sorrows cease,
Look to heaven thy purchased home,
Wait till Jesus quickly come.

LVII.

"Casting all your care upon him."—1 Peter v. 7.

- 1 THE privilege I greatly prize,
Of casting all my care on Him—
The mighty God, the only wise,
Who reigns in heaven and earth supreme.
- 2 How sweet to be allowed to call
The God whom heaven adores my friend !

- To tell my thoughts, to tell him all,
And then to know my prayers ascend.
- 3 Yes, they ascend : the feeblest cry
Has wings to bear it to his throne ;
The prayer of faith ascends the sky,
And brings a gracious answer down.
- 4 Then let me banish anxious care,
Confiding in a Father's love ;
To him make known my wants in prayer,
Prepared his answer to approve.
- 5 My Father's wisdom cannot err ;
His love no change nor failure knows ;
Be mine his counsel to prefer,
And acquiesce in all he does.

LVIII.

"Ask what shall I give thee."—1 Kings iii. 5.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold ?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His power and love can bless ;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.
- 5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 6 Teach me to live by faith ;
Conform my will to thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- 7 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
To them who know not thee.

LIX.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Ps. ciii. 2.

- 1 MY soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;

- Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised,
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower,
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure :
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

LX.

"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with
sons."—Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,

But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a cast-away ?

6 Others may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight ;
But the true born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

*LXI.

"God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name
which is above every name."—Phil. ii. 9.

1 OH, speak of Jesus ! other names
Have lost for me their interest now ;

- His is the only one that claims
To be an antidote for woe ;
It falls like music on the ear,
When nothing else can soothe or cheer.
- 2 Yes, speak of Jesus ! of that love,
Passing all bounds of human thought,
Which made him quit his throne above
With Godlike, deep compassion fraught ;
And to redeem our ruined race,
Our flesh t'assume, our path to trace.
- 3 Oh, speak of Jesus ! of his power,
As perfect God, and perfect man,
Which day by day, and hour by hour,
As he wrought out the wondrous plan,
Led him, as God, to save and heal,
As man, to sympathise and feel.
- 4 Yes, speak of Jesus ! of his grace,
Receiving, pardoning, blessing all ;
His holy spotless life retrace,
His words, his miracles recall ;
The words he spoke, the truths he taught,
With life, eternal life, are fraught.
- 5 Oh, speak of Jesus ! of his death,
For us he lived—for us he died ;
“ 'Tis finished,” with his latest breath,
The Lord, Jehovah-Jesus, cried ;

That death of shame and agony
Won life, eternal life, for me.

- 6 Yes, speak of Jesus, while mine ear
Can listen to a human voice !
That name my parting soul will cheer,
Will bid me e'en in death rejoice ;
Then prove, when these clay bonds are riven
My passport at the gates of heaven.

LXII.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."—Cant. i. 3.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place !
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace !
- 4 Jesus ! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend !
My Prophet, Priest, and King !
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End !
Accept the praise I bring !

- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath !
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death !

LXIII.

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, . . . and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—Phil. ii. 10, 11.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names,
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak his worth—
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died :
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 3 My great Almighty Lord !
My Conqueror and my King ;

Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing :
Thine is the power ; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

4 I love my Shepherd's voice ;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep ;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names ;
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 To this great Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
Behold my soul at freedom set ;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

6 Now, let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown ;
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct my way.

LXIV.

"The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—John x. 11.

1 SHEPHERD of the chosen number,
They are safe whom Thou dost keep ;

Other shepherds faint and slumber,
And forget to watch the sheep ;
 Watchful Shepherd !
Thou dost wake while others sleep.

- 2 When the lion came, depending
 On his strength to seize his prey,
Thou wert there, thy sheep defending,
 Thou didst then thy power display ;
 Mighty Shepherd !
Thou didst turn the foe away.

- 3 When the Shepherd's life was needful
 To redeem the sheep from death,
Of their safety ever heedful,
 Thou for them didst yield thy breath ;
 Faithful Shepherd !
Love like thine no other hath.

LXV.

“Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious.”

1 Peter ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS ! I love thy charming name ;
 'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust :
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

- 3 All my capacious powers require,
In Thee doth richly meet :
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Or friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The healing balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath ;
And, fearless, with thy rod and staff,
Will pass the vale of death.

*LXVI.

"When I am in trouble, I will think upon God."

- 1 **AMIDST** the various changing scenes,
Which chequer life, or overshadow,
My soul on one foundation leans,
On one firm Rock my mind is stayed :
"None, none but Christ," that Rock can be ;
Christ, the incarnate Deity.
- 2 That he is perfect God and man,
Throughout eternity unchanged ;
That all events, each change, each plan,
To him are known, by him arranged,—
By him, my own incarnate God—
What peace is by this thought bestowed !

- 3 Saviour, were aught to thee unknown ;—
If aught thy power did not control ;—
If thou could'st e'er thy word disown,
What anguish would o'erwhelm my soul !
But no ! Immutably the same,
Jehovah-Jesus is thy name.
- 4 Thy goodness, wisdom, mercy, love,
Are, like thyself, all infinite ;
Perfect and just that will must prove ;
All *thou* perittest *must* be right :
Then let me all to thee resign ;—
Conform my erring will to thine.
- 5 Jesus ! Omniscient to forsee,
Omnipotent to guard and save,
My Omnipresent God ! with thee
I fear not life's rough storms to brave :
Thou art my light amidst their gloom,
My shield, my refuge, and my home.

LXVII.

"I am the way."—John xiv. 6.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hope upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went—
The way that leads from banishment—

The King's high-way of holiness—
I'll go—for all his paths are peace.

- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief, my burden long had been,
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.
- 4 The more I strove against their power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
“ Come hither, soul ; I am the way.”
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb !
Shalt take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
Will point to his redeeming blood,
And say—“ Behold the way to God.”

LXVIII.

“ God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.”

- Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride ;
For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
 In shining letters, "*God is love.*"
He bears our sins upon the tree—
 He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross, it takes our guilt away :
 It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terrors from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure, and the pledge of love ;
The sinner's refuge here below :
 The angels' theme in heaven above.

LXIX.

"With thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

- 1 OBJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus crucified for me !
All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in thee ;
Thee to serve, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below :
Thee to see, resemble, love,
Constitute our bliss above.

- 2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny ;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die !
Source and giver of repose !
Singly at thy will it flows,
Peace and happiness are thine ;
Mine they are, when thou art mine !

*LXX.

"Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick."—John xi. 3.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! I can welcome sickness
If these words be said of me :
Can rejoice 'midst pain and weakness,
If I am but loved by thee ;
Love so precious,
Balm for every wound will be.
- 2 Thou, who waitest not for fitness
In the souls thy blood has saved,
Let thy Spirit now bear witness,
He this sentence has engraved—
Love so precious,
Gives me all my prayers have craved.
- 3 Though that love send days of sadness
In a life so brief as this,
It prepares me days of gladness
And a life of perfect bliss.
Love so precious,
Bids me every fear dismiss.

*LXXI.

"The Lord God is a sun and shield."—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

- 1 OH ! if I walked by sight, not faith,
And could not view the things unseen,
Dreary, to-day, would be my path,
While round me wintry winds blow keen.
- 2 The driving sleet, the darkened air,
Look bleak and mournful to behold,
While this poor frame though fenced with
care,
Aches with the penetrating cold.
- 3 The glorious sun, whose gladdening beams
Make even the face of winter smile,
Now distant and unwarming seems,
Nature looks cheerless, for a while.
- 4 Heavenward I turn, and then, on me
Shines forth a warm unclouded ray ;
Sun of my soul ! 'tis shed by thee,
I feel no more the wintry day.
- 5 Amidst th' external gloom, thy voice
Speaks words of comfort to my heart ;
Though weak, though lonely, I rejoice,
Such gladness does that voice impart.
- 6 It tells me of those mansions blest,
Where thou a place has deigned pre-
pare—

Where soon my soul shall sweetly rest—
Where winter never chills the air.

- 7 It tells me of that blissful state,
Where there shall be no pain, no gloom,
Bids me a little moment wait,
Till Thou shalt come to take me home.
- 8 My Saviour, through thy love divine,
Which all has pardoned all bestowed,
I say even now, "all things are mine"—
I possess all things in my God.

*LXXII.

"We which have believed, do enter into rest."—Heb. iv. 3.

- 1 WHAT though my strength decline,
And health no more return,
I now possess a hope divine,
Which bids me not to mourn.
- 2 In Christ I have believed,
And through the spotless Lamb,
Grace and salvation have received ;
In him complete I am !
- 3 This hope divine uplifts
My soul amid distress ;
"Without repentance" are his gifts,
Who thus vouchsafes to bless.
- 4 My sins, my crimson stains,
Are blotted out each one ;

No condemnation now remains !

God views me in his Son.

5 Then come what may to me,

It will, it must be blest !

Home, in the distance, I can see ;

There I shall be at rest !

6 I was not placed on earth

To dwell, but sojourn there ;

And for the country of my birth,

With ardour to prepare.

7 And is it grief to me,

My journey to commence,

Though long and dark the stages be,

Which homeward lead from hence ?

8 Oh no ! the flesh may shrink

From suffering and unrest ;

But calmly on my home I think,

And, even now, feel blest.

9 What though my strength decline,

And health no more return ;

Sustained by hope and faith divine,

I can rejoice, not mourn.

***LXXIII.**

“Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.”

Psalm cx. 8.

1 SAVIOUR ! though my rebellious will

Has been, by thy blest power, renewed ;

Yet, in its secret workings still,
How much remains to be subdued !

- 2 Oft I recall with grief and shame,
How many years their course had run,
Ere grace my murmuring heart o'ercame,
Ere I could say, " Thy will be done !"
- 3 I wished a flowery path to tread,
And thought 'twould safely lead to
heaven;
A lonely room, a suffering bed,
These, for my training-place were given.
- 4 Long I resisted, mourned, complained ;—
Wished any other lot my own ;—
Thy purpose, Lord, unchanged remained ;
What wisdom planned, love carried on.
- 5 Year after year I turned away,
But marred was every scheme I planned ;
Still, the same lesson, day by day,
Was placed before me, by thy hand.
- 6 At length thy patient, wondrous love,
Unchanging, tender, pitying, strong,
Availed that stony heart to move,
Which had rebelled, alas ! so long.
- 7 Then was I taught by thee to say,
" Do with me what to thee seems best ;"
" Give, take, whate'er thou wilt away,"
" Health, comfort, usefulness, or rest."

- 8 "Be my whole life in suffering spent ;"
 "But let me be in suffering, thine ;"
 "Still, oh, my Lord, I am content,"
 "Thou now hast made thy pleasure mine."

*LXXIV.

"As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him."—Ps. ciii. 11.

- 1 I CAN gaze on that beautiful sky,
 Fair work of the Saviour I love ;
 Though the health is withdrawn, and the
 vigour gone by,
 With which once 'mid his works I could
 rove.
- 2 I can gaze on that beautiful sky,
 And there, in bright characters trace,
 That with mercy more great than that con-
 cave is high,
 My soul he has deigned to embrace.
- 3 I can gaze on that beautiful sky,
 That temple so worthy of him ;
 While the fabrics of earth seem to dwindle
 and die,
 Compared with its glory sublime.
- 4 I can gaze on that beautiful sky,
 And meekly rejoice in the thought,

That above it, in glory ne'er seen by the
eye,

A mansion for me he has bought.

- 5 I can gaze on that beautiful sky,
And long the blue pathway to tread ;
There, with all his redeemed, to adore him
on high,
For the blood he on Calvary shed.

- 6 I can gaze on that beautiful sky,
And rejoice that my Saviour from heaven,
In glory arrayed, will descend from on high,
While the clouds for his chariot are
given.

LXXV.

"Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings, in heavenly places in Christ."—Eph. i. 3.

- 1 IN Christ my treasure's all contained ;
By him my feeble soul's sustained ;
His bounty all things needful gives :
And on his life my spirit lives.
- 2 With him I daily love to walk ;
Of him my soul delights to talk ;
On him I cast my every care ;
He deigns my every grief to bear.
- 3 Bless him, my soul, from day to day ;
Trust him to bring thee on thy way :

Give him thy poor, weak, sinful, heart :
With him, oh never, never part.

- 4 Take him for strength and righteousness ;
Make him thy refuge in distress ;
Love him above all earthly joy ;
For him thy every power employ.
- 5 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs ;
To him your highest praise belongs ;
Him, who for you doth heaven prepare ;
Whom you will praise for ever there !

*LXXVI.

"Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me."
Psalm iv. 6.

- 1 AGAIN the orient light is shining ;
Again on thee, my God, reclining,
Would I pursue my way :
Would follow where thy voice shall call me ;
Would cling to thee whate'er befall me,
And oh, let thy mild look recall me,
When I would go astray.
- 2 Nor pain, nor languor can deprive me
Of comfort, if thy grace revive me ;
And though my cross I take,
Those who will follow thee, must bear it,
And thou wilt condescend to share it ;
Oh, let me, Lord ! with thine compare it,
Borne meekly for my sake.

- 3 It may be, thro' thy gracious presence,
(That smile which is of joy the essence,) -
Bliss may on me be shed :
My favoured soul, in thee delighting,
Thy loveliness her love exciting ;
Thy Spirit all her powers uniting,
With joy her path may tread.
- 4 But if dejected, faint, and weary,
My path to-day seem rough and dreary,
Oh let thy pitying love,
That source of sweetest comfort—cheer me,
And tell me thou art ever near me,
To strengthen, guide, defend, and hear me,
My all in all to prove.
- 5 Should any earthly thing distress me ;
Should suffering, cares, or fears depress me,
When thou thy love has given ?
When Thou wilt leave not, nor forsake me,
But meet for thine own presence make me,
And soon wilt come thyself to take me,
To dwell with thee in heaven ?
- 6 Oh, no ! With such a God and Saviour,
Sweet peace should stamp my whole be-
haviour,
Whate'er my present lot ;

Without a care my path pursuing,
My strength by hourly prayer renewing,
Let me, the glorious future viewing,
Go on, and falter not.

LXXVII.

"I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth in me should not abide in darkness."—John xii. 46.

- 1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
- 2 Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?
- 3 When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
- 5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 6 Tho' sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

7 Tho' faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My stedfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

8 Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine :
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

*LXXVIII.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might
learn thy statutes."—Psalm cxix. 71.

1 I MIGHT have run my thoughtless race,
And wandered farther still from thee,
Hadst thou not, Saviour, by thy grace,
Thus chastened me.

2 I might have won the world's applause,
And gained all this poor earth can give ;
But to live reckless of thy laws,
Is *that* to live ?

3 I valued not those laws divine,
But sported on destruction's brink ;
I loved to captivate, and shine—
Nor paused to think.

4 Oh, hadst thou not with warning voice,
Reversed my footsteps, ere too late,
How fatal would have proved my choice—
How sad my fate !

- 5 But now, by thee withdrawn apart,
From all that might ensnaring prove,
My God, thou speakest to my heart,
In words of love.
- 6 And thou hast opened to my sight
Prospects so glorious, truths so blest,
That what before inspired delight,
Has lost its zest.
- 7 And ne'er did earth such joys afford,
When health and gladness smiled around,
As in thine everlasting word,
I now have found.
- 8 A fount of happiness unknown,
Has sprung up, in my pathway, drear ;
I dread no more to be alone—
Thou dost draw near.
- 9 Then, blessed be that chastening rod,
Whose strokes were all in mercy given,
To bring my wandering soul to God,
And train for heaven !

LXXIX.

“What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for
Christ.”—Phil. iii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee ;

Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou henceforth my all shalt be :
Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not like them untrue.

- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest ;
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me :
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.
- 3 Think, my soul, who dwells within thee,
What a Father's smiles are thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

*LXXX.

"The God of my joy and gladness."—Psalm xliii. 4.

- 1 OH, what a flood of sacred joy
Falls in refreshing showers.

- While heavenly themes my mind employ,
And hallow all its powers !
- 2 How blest, how favoured is my lot
While joys like these are mine !
“ A stranger intermeddleth not,”
With raptures so divine.
- 3 My peaceful room seems holy ground,
I scarce to earth belong—
And ask, “ Can one so blest be found
’Mid the gay city’s throng ?”
- 4 Thou gracious Giver of all good !
Pure Fount of joy and peace !
Ne’er can I praise thee as I would,
For gifts that still increase.
- 5 Already has thy word’s pure light
Oft caused me to rejoice ;
And thou hast made it my delight
To listen to thy voice.
- 6 But now to swell thy bounty’s tide,
Foretastes are given to me,
Of joys which souls beatified
Possess, who dwell with thee.
- 7 Ne’er of this heavenly stream before
Did I thus largely drink ;
But thou delightest to give more
Than we can ask or think.

- 8 This joy is thine, not mine, my God !
So make it now my strength ;
That I may haste to thine abode,
Nor feel the journey's length.

*LXXXI.

"But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth?"—Mal. iii. 2.

- 1 THAT day, so long foretold shall come,
The eventful day of final doom,
When all who ever lived shall meet,
Shall stand before the judgment seat,
And hear the unchangeable award,
The books then opened, will record ;
The lot irrevocably given,
Of woe in hell, or bliss in heaven.
- 2 Will He who fills that glorious throne,
Then deign my trembling soul to own?
Before th' assembled worlds proclaim
That sins which cover me with shame,
Are pardoned, cancelled, all effaced,
Nor e'en one lingering stain be traced ;
Though once so dark, so crimson dyed
As nothing but his blood could hide?
- 3 Yes, he will own me on that day ;
He will not cast my soul away :
" I know in whom I have believed ;"
No sinner he has once received

Shall e'er be severed from his love,
Or fail his faithfulness to prove ;
That blest assurance who can doubt—
“ I will in no wise cast him out.”

- 4 My Saviour ! can it ever be,
That a poor sinful worm like me,
May think with joy, and not dismay,
Of that tremendous, final day ?
And love, in solemn thought, to dwell
On scenes so strange, so terrible,
As nature dreads to realize ?
Mere mortal courage faints and dies.

- 5 'Tis even so, my Lord and God !
Cleansed in thine all-atoning blood,
And holding fast by thy sure word,
Which a firm anchorage doth afford,
I venture to believe *that* day,
When heaven and earth shall flee away,
Will see me stand the tempest shock,
Safe hidden in thyself the Rock.

LXXXII.

“ My meditation of him shall be sweet.”—Psalm civ. 34.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away :

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus reigns above :
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name,
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own :
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine,
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid :
- 5 Sweet, in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath :
- 6 Sweet, on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet, on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend :
- 7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,

- Angels shall hover o'er my bed,
And fetch my spirit home :
- 9 Then shall my dis-imprisoned soul
View Jesus and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more—
- 10 Shall see him with that very flesh,
On which my guilt was laid,
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.
- 11 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound ;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.
- 12 These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that died for me—
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee ?
- 13 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is, below ;
What raptures must the church above,
In Jesus' presence know !
- 14 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee !

- 15 O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay ;
Till from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away !

LXXXIII.

“ He said, It is FINISHED, and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.”—John xix. 30.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
Rending rocks the words attesting,
Shaking earth, and veiled sky :
“ It is finished,”
Was the Saviour’s dying cry.
- 2 That which prophets long predicted,
That which Jewish sacrifice
Only shadowed, not effected,—
That which Justice satisfies,
Now is finished !
So the dying Saviour cries.
- 3 Now redemption is completed,
Sin atoned, the curse removed ;
Satan, death and hell defeated,
As the resurrection proved :
All is finished !
Here our hope may rest unmoved.
- 4 Oh ! the life, the peace, the pleasure,
Which these gracious words afford !

Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;
“ It is finished !”
Let our joyful songs record.

- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs !
Sound aloud Immanuel's name :
All creation swell the chorus ;
Dwell on this delightful theme,
“ It is finished !”
Glory, glory to the Lamb !

LXXXIV.

“As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me.”—
John xv. 4.

- 1 JESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine !
Around thy all-supporting stem,
My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit ;
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.
- 3 I can do nothing without thee,
My strength is wholly thine ;
Withered and barren should I be,
If severed from the vine.

- 4 Upon my leaf, when parched with heat,
 Refreshing dews shall drop ;
 The plant which thy right hand hath set,
 Shall ne'er be rooted up.
- 5 Each moment watered by thy care,
 And fenced with power divine,
 Fruit to eternal life shall bear
 The feeblest branch of thine.

*LXXXV.

"What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits
 toward me."—Psalm cxvi. 12.

(COMPOSED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.)

- 1 I COME, my Lord, to offer up to thee,
 A worthless, but a willing offering ;
 A heart, where only evil I can see,
 Yet, not for that, refuse the gift I bring :
 Oh, deign to accept it—cast each evil
 out,
 And make it pure, and new, within, without.
- 2 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee,
 All it now suffers of distress and pain ;
 It is thine own ; work thou thy will in me ;
 Let me not once resist it, or complain,
 But meekly in my sufferings acquiesce,
 Assured that thou each pang wilt deign
 to bless.

- 3 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee,
All that that heart can dictate or perform;
Let thy blest Spirit its controller be,
Let thy pure love its every movement warm;
And make that heart, once sin's defiled abode,
The holy habitation of my God.
- 4 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee,
The brief remainder of life's fleeting span;
Whate'er I have, or am, thine own shall be,
Without thee, I will form no wish nor plan;
Time, talents, influence, actions, thoughts
and words,
All, all be unreservedly my Lord's!
- 5 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee,
A creature made thine own by every tie;
Hast thou not formed, preserved, and
ransomed me?
Oh, didst thou not to pay my ransom,
die?
Lord, at thy feet my worthless self I lay,
Oh, never, never cast me thence away.

*LXXXVI.

"Blessed are they that mourn."—Matt. v. 4.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of love divine,
 Addressing man to trouble born;
Saviour! what accents then were thine?
 "Blessed are they that mourn."
- 2 Again it spoke—"Come unto me,
 "Thou, with distress and labour
 worn,
 "Rest and refreshment are for thee:
 "Blessed are they that mourn."
- 3 I heard a voice in truth's pure word,
 A saint who sorrow's yoke had borne,
 "Blest is the man thou chastenest, Lord!"
 "Blessed are they that mourn."
- 4 I heard an angel voice proclaim,
 Yon victors bright, whom crowns adorn,
 "Through tribulation great they came!"
 "Blessed are they that mourn."
- 5 Why should I then for sufferings grieve,
 Since Sorrow leads to joy's bright
 bourne?
Let me indeed the words believe,
 "Blessed are they that mourn!"

LXXXVII.

Deuteronomy viii. 2—16.

- 1 CAN I forget the wondrous ways
By which thou hast thy servant led ;
Through a long lonely wilderness,
How strangely kept, how strangely fed,
Tempted, and proved by hopes and fears,
I roved for many sinful years !
- 2 Provoked, thou didst not quite depart,
But further yet thy Spirit tried,
Shewed me the evil of my heart,
Its stubbornness, deceit, and pride !
While still I cast thy grace away,
And would not, when I might, obey.
- 3 Long in a tempted state forlorn,
Thou hast my kind supporter been :
Thou madest me at times to mourn,
To feel that all my heart is sin :
My depth of unbelief to prove,
Melted beneath thy humbling love.
- 4 I now thy love's design perceive ;
He to myself that love hath shewn ;
Thou didst in love thy servant leave,
To come again, and claim thine own ;
To save when all my griefs were past,
And do me endless good at last.

LXXXVIII.

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."—Mark ix. 23. •

- 1 FATHER! thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart is full of tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 2 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee,
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains in me,
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
"Mercy, free boundless mercy!" cries.
- 3 By faith, O Lord, I look to thee,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
To thee, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends
be gone,
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,

On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father! thy mercy never dies.

- 5 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

*LXXXIX.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the vail."—Heb. vi. 19.

- 1 "WITHIN the vail," my anchor cast,
Will yield not to the stormy blast;
Will yield not to the threat'ning waves,
Though wild around the tempest raves;
While all is fluctuating here,
All is serene and changeless there.
- 2 "Within the vail" such scenes appear,
The glories of yon upper sphere,
That earth's poor transitory things,
To which the heart so fondly clings,
Lose all their power to charm the sight
Once fastened on those realms of light.
- 3 "Within the vail" no sound is heard,
By this world's din and discord stirred;
The harpings of the seraph choir
Caught from afar, such joy inspire,

That all the cares of this low spot,
Its griefs, its fears, are all forgot.

- 4 "Within the vail" a form is seen
Far fairer than the sons of men ;
Enthroned in glory shines my King,
While countless hosts his praises sing ;
Yea, "in his beauty," there I see
The God who lived and died for me.
- 5 "Within the vail," fixed on that Rock,
Which still defies the tempests shock,
Though whirlwind, earthquake, fire, appal,
Unharmed, though awed, I witness all,
And listening to the small still voice,
Even while trembling, I rejoice.
- 6 "Within the vail" a light is shed,
Which streams down o'er the path I tread,
And makes the track, so dark erewhile,
E'en as the vale of Eden smile ;
That light will never pass away,
But kindle into endless day.
- 7 "Within the vail," from earth withdrawn,
Let me be found at early dawn ;
When faint with toil, and noontday heat,
There let me find a sweet retreat ;
And when night's shades around me close,
"Within the vail" may I repose !

PART THIRD.

HYMNS SUITED TO SEASONS OF SEVERE SUFFERING,
MENTAL OR BODILY.

XC.

"My words shall not pass away."—Matt. xxiv. 35.

- 1 THE moon and stars shall lose their light ;
The sun shall sink in endless night ;
Both heaven and earth shall pass away ;
The works of nature all decay ;—
- 2 But they who in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded side,
Shall see the danger overpast,
Out-live each storm, and reign at last.
- 3 What thou hast said must be fulfilled,
O God of truth ! on this we build :
Thy word shall stand, thy truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail. •

*XCI.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me : and I give unto them eternal life ; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."—John x. 27, 28.

- 1 CLOUDS and darkness round about thee
For a season veil thy face,

- Still I trust—and cannot doubt thee,
Jesus ! full of truth and grace,
Resting on thy words I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.
- 2 Oh ! rebuke me not in anger,
Suffer not my faith to fail !
Let not pain, temptation, languor
O'er my struggling heart prevail !
Holding fast thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.
- 3 In my heart thy words I cherish,
Though unseen, thou still art near ;
Since thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear ?
Trusting in thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

*XCII.

“ Lord, be thou my helper.”—Psalm xxx. 10.

- 1 WHEN all outward comfort flies,
And my heart within me dies,
Hear, oh hear, my trembling sighs :
Help me, O my Saviour !
- 2 When the day brings pain and grief,
Night, nor respite, nor relief,
Whisper—“ These dark hours are brief :”
Help me, O my Saviour !

- 3 When all human help proves vain,
And my agonising pain,
More than nature can sustain,
Help me, O my Saviour !
- 4 Suffer not my faith to fail,
Let not Satan's darts assail,
Lift the intercepting veil :
Help me, O my Saviour.
- 5 When, oppressed with feverish heat,
I can scarce one text repeat,
Say, I am in thee complete :
Help me, O my Saviour !
- 6 When the means for pain's redress,
Seem to aggravate distress,
Then draw near—my faith increase :
Help me, O my Saviour !
- 7 When the long and suffering night,
Makes me weary for the light,
Fix upon thy cross my sight :
Help me, O my Saviour !
- 8 Lest I faint beneath the rod,
Say—"This very path *I* trod ;"
"Thus *thou* glorifiest God :"
Help me, O my Saviour !

- 9 Let me not on man depend,
But on thee, the unfailing Friend ;
Be thou near me to the end :
Help me, O my Saviour !
- 10 Thou, thou only canst relieve me !
Till thine arms of love receive me,
Whisper—" I will never leave thee !"
Help me, O my Saviour !

*XCIII.

"From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—Psalm lxi. 2.

- 1 O MY God, in sad succession,
Wave on wave o'erwhelms my soul !
Clouds of darkness and depression,
Round me ominously roll !
Lead, oh ! lead me to the Rock !
Hide me from the tempest's shock.
- 2 All I clung to, now forsakes me,
Earthly props elude my grasp ;
That which most I feared, o'ertakes me,
Yet one hope I firmly clasp :
Anchored on the eternal Rock,
I shall stand the tempest's shock.
- 3 To its safe recesses guide me,
Till the fearful storm is o'er ;

In its clefts securely hide me,
Till no danger threaten more ;
Saviour ! be thyself my Rock !
Hide me from the tempest's shock !

*XCIV.

"Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things
which he suffered."—Heb. v. 8.

1 THE glorious God to suffer ! wondrous
thought !

The God who spake creation out of nought !
The God whose praise tunes every harp in
heaven,
Suffered for man, that man might be
forgiven !

2 The spotless Jesus ! harmless, undefiled,
The Lamb of God, the Father's holy child ;
Did he vouchsafe by suffering to learn
Obedience, and shall I from suffering turn ?

3 Oh ! no, my Saviour ! by thy Spirit led,
Thy track I follow ! in *thy* path I tread ;
To thee, to thee, I ask to be conformed !
In me that mind which was in thee be
formed !

4 My sufferings all are needful, to refine
Thy precious gold from all its dross and
tin ;

- But thine were voluntary, undeserved and
free,
Vicarious, meritorious, borne for me !
- 5 Let me without a murmur meekly bear
The sufferings thou wilt condescend to
share ;
And grace, sufficient grace, to me accord,
To learn obedience like my suffering Lord.

XCV.

"Fear not, for I am with thee. In the name of the Lord is
strong confidence."

- 1 INCARNATE God ! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Angels unseen attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.
- 3 The angels' Lord himself is nigh
To those that love his name ;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.
- 4 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here ;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have his saints to fear ?

XCVI.

"We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—Heb iv. 15.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness ;
His very name is "Love."
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
Resisting unto blood.
- 4 He, in his days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears ;
And still vouchsafes to feel afresh,
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In every trying hour.

XCVII.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord."—Psalm
cxxx. 1.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,—
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord ! the Pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the
storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace—be still !"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name,
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro' the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shattered bark again.

XCVIII.

"He was in all points tempted like as we are."—Heb. iv. 15.

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain :
He sees my grief, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do ;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled
By those who shared his daily bread.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

- 5 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies ;
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear,
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, and gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 6 And oh ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

XCIX.

"We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened."

2 Cor. v. 4.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain !
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will ;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys,
The path to realms of light ;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

- 4 It is, that hope with ardour glows,
To see Him face to face ;
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is, that harrassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin ;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.
- 6 Oh ! let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care ;
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share !

*C.

"He chastens us for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness."—Heb. xii. 10.

- 1 My suffering Saviour ! who, for me
Bore such a weight of woe,
I would not shrink from following thee,
In thy sad path below.
- 2 But fix my eye of faith on thee,
While suffering I endure ;
Lest faint and weary I should be,
Ere thou hast wrought my cure.
- 3 To do thy will—thy yoke to wear,
Thy likeness to receive ;
This, this I ask with ceaseless prayer,
The means to thee I leave.

- 4 If such a heart as mine require
Much of distress and pain ;
Oh ! let the purifying fire
Be kindled not in vain !
- 5 Let self and sin no more revive,
My will be lost in thine ;
Till thou alone in me shalt live,
And nought be left of mine.

CI.

" I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou
in faithfulness hast afflicted me."—Psalm cxix. 75.

- 1 For what shall I praise thee, my God and
my King ?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude
bring ?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health,
and for ease,
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine
of peace ?
- 2 Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed
on my breast,
For joys in perspective and pleasures pos-
sessed ?
For the spirits that heightened my days of
delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by
night ?

- 3 For this should I praise ! but if only for
this,
I should leave half untold the donation of
bliss ;
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for
care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish
I bear.
- 4 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears ;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and
my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath
bestowed.
- 5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragranc
is flown ;
They yielded no fruits, they are withered
and gone ;
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to
me—
’Twas the message of mercy—it led me to
thee.

*CII.

“ Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.”
Phil. ii. 5.

- 1 EVER patient, gentle, meek,
Holy Saviour ! was thy mind ;

- Vainly in myself I seek,
Likeness to my Lord to find ;
Yet, that mind which was in thee,
May be, must be formed in me.
- 2 Days of toil, 'mid throngs of men,
Vexed not, ruffled not thy soul ;
Still collected, calm, serene,
Thou each feeling could'st control ;
Lord, that mind which was in thee,
May be, must be formed in me.
- 3 Though such griefs were thine to bear,
For each sufferer thou could'st feel ;
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal ;
Saviour ! let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.
- 4 When my pain is most intense,
Let thy cross my lesson prove :
Let me hear thee even from thence,
Breathing words of peace and love :
Saviour ! let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

*CIII.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Psalm xli. 1.

- 1 GOD of pity ! God of love !
Send me comfort from above ;

Let not anxious thoughts perplex,
 Harrowing fears my spirit vex :
 Let me trust thee, and be still,
 Waiting patiently thy will.

- 2 Though to weak short-sighted man,
 All uncertain seems each plan ;
 Each event thy will ordains,
 Fixed immutably remains :
 Not one link in life's long chain,
 Can be lost or wrought in vain.
- 3 All that chain thro' bye-gone years,
 Wov'n in links of love appears ;
 Not one storm of vengeful wrath,
 E'er has swept across my path :
 Why should fear o'er faith prevail ?
 Thy sure mercies cannot fail.
- 4 What are distance, time, or place,
 To that God who fills all space ?
 What are sea or land to him ?
 Can the omniscient eye grow dim ?
 Those we love, (whate'er betide,)
 O'er them does that eye preside.
- 5 Clinging to thy strengthening arm,
 Thou wilt keep me safe from harm ;
 Thou wilt grant the hope that cheers,
 Wilt prove better than my fears ;

Bid my sad misgivings cease ;
Guide me to my home in peace.

*CIV.

“ Let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him.”—1 Peter iv. 19.

- 1 O GOD, from whom my spirit came,
Moulded by thee, this mortal frame
Feels health or sickness, pain or ease,
As it may best thy wisdom please :
Make me submissive, keep me still,
“ Suffering according to thy will.”
- 2 The springs of life are in thy hand,
They move, they stop at thy command ;
Without thy blessing will prove vain,
All human skill, to ease my pain :
Make me submissive, keep me still,
“ Suffering according to thy will.”
- 3 I am a sinner—shall I dare
To murmur at the strokes I bear ?
Strokes not in wrath but mercy sent,
A wise and needful chastisement :
Make me submissive, keep me still,
“ Suffering according to thy will.”
- 4 Saviour ! I breathe the prayer, once thine,
“ Father thy will be done, not mine !”

One only blessing would I claim ;
 In me, oh ! glorify thy name !
 Make me submissive keep me still,
 "Suffering according to thy will."

*CV.

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps."—1 Peter ii. 21.

- 1 WHEN paroxysms of pain acute,
 Seized on my throbbing head,
 And fiery darts appeared to shoot
 Along each nerve's fine thread :
 What heavenly anodyne had power
 To calm me in that suffering hour ?

- 2 I thought on Him whose sacred brows
 For me with thorns were torn ;
 Then buffeted with impious blows,
 In meekest silence borne ;
 One look at thee, my Saviour mild !
 Calmed and reproved thy suffering child.

- 3 I bear the needful chastisement
 My sin-sick soul requires ;
 But Thou, my God, wert well content
 To pass through fiercer fires :
 That thy most precious blood might win
 Eternal pardon for my sin.

CVI.

"A refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat," &c.

Isaiah xxv. 4.

- 1 JESUS ! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows round me roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide :
Oh ! receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none :
Hangs my helpless soul on thee !
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone !
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing !
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind !
Just and holy is thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile, and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart ;
 Rise to all eternity.

CVII.

“ Save, me O God ; for the waters are come in unto my soul.”

Psalm lxxix. 1.

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint !
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?—
 Where but with thee whose open door,
 Invites the helpless and the poor.
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
 Does not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

*CVIII.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou
knewest my path."—Psalm cxlii. 8.

1 MY God! whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling thee "Father," sweet endearing
name!

The sufferings of this weak and weary
frame,

All, all are known to thee!

2 From human eyes 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
But, oh! this thought does tranquilize and
heal,

All, all is known to thee!

3 Each secret conflict with indwelling sin;
Each sickening fear, "I ne'er the prize
shall win;"

Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,

All, all are known to thee!

4 When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,
Or in the night but little rest can take;
This brief appeal submissively I make,

All, all is known to thee!

- 5 Nay, all by thee is ordered, chosen, planned,
Each drop that fills my daily cup, thy
hand
Prescribes for ills none else can understand,
All, all is known to thee !
- 6 The effectual means to cure what I deplore,
In me thy longed-for likeness to restore,
Self to dethrone never to govern more,
All, all are known to thee !
- 7 And this continued feebleness—this state,
Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers
await,
That cure I leave to thee !
- 8 Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
While I recall the Son of thy dear love ;
The cup thou would'st not for *our* sakes
remove—
That cup he drank for me !
- 9 He drank it to the dregs—no drop remained
Of wrath—for those whose cup of woe he
drained :
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup con-
tained :
All, all is known to thee !

- 10 And welcome, precious can his Spirit
make,
My little drop of suffering for his sake ;
Father ! the cup I drink, the path I take,
All, all are known to thee !

CIX.

“ They that know thy name, will put their trust in thee.”

Psalm ix. 10.

- 1 O LORD ! my best desire fulfil !
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
’Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way—
Shall I resist them both ?

A poor blind creature of a day ;
And crushed before the moth.

- 6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway !
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away !

CX.

" I will trust, and not be afraid."—Isaiah xii. 2.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief !
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief,
Will surely appear :
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform !
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide ;
Tho' cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken,
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think

He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer*
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.

4 Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death ;
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame ?

5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ?
He told me no less :
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live ;

* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

His way was much rougher
And darker than mine ;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine ?

- 7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good ;
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food ;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, oh ! how pleasant
The conqueror's song !

*CXI.

"Behold, O Lord, for I am in distress."—Lam. i. 20.

- 1 LORD, I am very weak, distressed !
I languish and can take no rest ;
The remedies uncertain prove,
And heavily the moments move ;
I cannot now look up to thee,
But oh ! look down, look down on me !
- 2 This flesh a heavy load I find,
Pain seems with every nerve entwined ;
And little aid can man bestow,
To check my tears, or soothe my woe ;
I struggle to look up to thee,
For Christ's own sake, look down on me !

- 3 This flesh has oft the servant been
Of sloth, and selfishness, and sin :
It ought to suffer ;—but oh ! bless
Each pang, to further holiness ;
Longing for this, I look to thee,
Look down, grant holiness to me !
- 4 Do what thou wilt with this poor frame,
Hastening to dust from whence it came ;
But more and more my soul refine,
Till, with thine image clothed, it shine :
Then set the captive exile free,
And let me ever be with thee !

*CXII.

“ Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me.”—John xv. 4.

- 1 O HOLY Saviour ! Friend unseen !
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to thee.
- 2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine,
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.
- 3 Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found her place of rest, -
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to thee.

- 4 Without a murmur, I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss,
My joy, my consolation this,
Each hour to cling to thee.
- 5 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends, and joys remove,
With patient uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.
- 6 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown ;
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, " Still cling to me."
- 7 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee !
- 8 They fear not Satan nor the grave ;
They feel thee near, and strong to save ;
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave ;
Because they cling to thee.
- 9 Blest is my lot—whate'er befall,
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour ! I cling to thee ?

*CXIII.

"Mine eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord : in thee is my trust ; leave not my soul destitute."—Pa. cxli. 8.

- 1 ARE the days of darkness many ?
Are such now assigned to me ?
Yet, my Lord, there are not any
Which may not be spent with thee ;
Saviour, thou canst make them bright,
Turn my darkness into light.
- 2 Shall distress, however bitter,
Separate my soul from thee ?
No ! distress but makes it fitter
To my hiding-place to flee ;
Though of all beside bereft,
'Tis enough if thou art left.
- 3 Should it please thee now to sever
Life-long unions, dearest ties,
Whisper " I will leave thee never ;"
This shall check my tears and sighs ;
He whose mind is " stayed on thee,"
Never desolate shall be.
- 4 Welcome all that makes thee dearer,
Faithful, never-changing Friend !
To thyself that draws me nearer,
Makes my bliss on thee depend :
Every void thy love can fill—
Still to good transmuting ill.

CXIV.

"My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord."

Heb. xii. 5.

- 1 **WHEN** the Lord rebukes his servant,
'Tis to save and not destroy ;
'Tis to make my spirit fervent,
'Tis to give me real joy ;
'Tis to make me better know
That my rest is not below.
- 2 Shall I then repine at trials,
By my Father's love decreed ?
What, if God had poured the vials
Of his wrath upon my head ?
Endless death were sin's desert,
Did not Christ that doom avert ?
- 3 Since the Lord has given me reason
To expect a place above ;
In afflictions sharpest season,
Let me own that " God is love ;"
Let me own that all he does,
From paternal kindness flows.
- 4 Shall I murmur at his dealings ?
Shall I not his kindness trust ?
Since he knows my frames and feelings,
And remembers I am dust ;
Let me meekly kiss the rod,
And confess the hand of God.

- 5 Hear me, Lord, in my petition ;
 Oh sustain me, lest I faint !
Teach me patience and submission ;
 Keep thy servant from complaint,
And in every trying hour,
Lord, uphold me by thy power !

CXV.

"Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."—James i. 17.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 Oh ! let me then at length be taught
 What still I am so slow to learn ;
That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
 Yet when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

- 5 But, oh ! my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will ;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine ;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine !

CXVI.

" I am poor and needy : yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

Psalm xl. 17.

- 1 WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame,
 Acute, disease, or tiring pain—
 When life fast spends her feeble flame,
 And all the help of man proves vain ;
- 2 Joyless and dark all things appear ;
 Languid the spirits, weak the flesh ;
 Medicines nor ease, nor cordials cheer ;
 Nor food nor balmy sleep refresh :
- 3 Then, then, to have recourse to God ;
 To pour a prayer in time of need ;
 And feel the balm of Jesus' blood,
 This is to find relief indeed.
- 4 And this, O Christian ! is thy lot,
 Who cleavest to the Lord by faith ; .

He'll never leave thee, (doubt it not)
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

5 When flesh decays, and heart thus fails,
Thy strength and portion He shall be ;
Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, " Trust in me."

6 Should'st thou a moment's absence mourn,
Should some short darkness intervene,
He'll give thee power, till he return,
To trust him, with the cloud between.

CXVII.

" Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul."—Heb. vi. 19.

1 HOPE is the anchor of the soul ;
It enters that within the vail ;
And though the waves of trouble roll,
The anchor holds, and will not fail.

2 The night is dark, the sea runs high ;
The mast before the tempest bends ;
A shore bestrewed with wrecks is nigh,
And on the anchor all depends !

3 The vessel drifts, if that give way,
And founders on the fatal shore,
Where death and night maintain their
 sway—
Where light and love are seen no more.

- 4 At such a time, in such a state,
 A single anchor holding all,
 No wonder if our fear be great !
 No wonder if our hope be small !
- 5 But one sweet word dispels our fear,
 The word of " Him who cannot lie ;"
 His truth is pledged, his power is near ;
 His truth and power all ills defy.
- 6 Hope, O my soul, thine anchor is,
 Both sure and steadfast ; be thou strong !
 The word that makes thee bold is HIS,
 Who reigns yon shining host among.

*CXVIII.

"Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of
 God, ye might receive the promise."—Heb. x. 36.

- 1 AND is there nothing to be done,
 While here, on this sick bed, I lie ?
 Should I thus weary to be gone,
 Thus think, 'twere better far to die ?
- 2 Alas ! that very thought declares,
 How much remains unhallowed still ;
 The soul which God for heaven prepares,
 Has lost her own, in his blest will.
- 3 And if his work of grace in me
 Were now well nigh consummated,

Contented, willing should I be,
To lie for years on this sick bed.

4 For then, my faith would be so strong,
Would bring my blessed Lord so near,
That days, weeks, months, would ne'er
seem long.
With such a Friend my couch to cheer.

5 Full many a sufferer there has seen
Such proofs of his transcendent worth,
That e'en their bed of pain has been
To them a little heaven on earth.

6 Oh then, my Saviour ! be no more
Far from me in my hour of need ;
Thou canst the fainting soul restore,
And make the feeble strong indeed.

7 Oh ! grant me now that will resigned,
That patient, weaned, obedient heart ;
That loving, peaceful, heavenly mind,
Thy Spirit can alone impart.

8 Let me not languish e'en for home,
One wish, one only wish be mine !
Each hour more holy to become,
More fully and entirely thine !

*CXIX.

"Return unto thy rest O my soul"—Psalm cxvi. 7.

HYMN FOR THE WEARY.

- 1 MY only Saviour! when I feel
O'erwhelmed in spirit, faint, oppressed,
'Tis sweet to tell thee, while I kneel
Low at thy feet—*Thou art my rest.*
- 2 I'm weary of the strife within;
Strong powers against my soul contest;
Oh! let me turn from self and sin
To thy dear cross—*There, there is rest!*
- 3 I'm weary of this suffering frame,
With languor and with pain distress;
Yet, my impatience oft I blame—
At all times, *Thou canst give me rest!*
- 4 When, with a trembling heart, I try
My state, by truth's unerring test,
Oft it condemns me, yet I fly
To thee for freedom—*Thee for rest.*
- 5 Fain would I learn to "cease from man;"
They're "broken cisterns" at the best;
To form no earthly wish, nor plan,
But cleave to thee—and in *Thee rest.*
- 6 Oh! sweet will be the welcome day,
When from her toils and woes released,

My parting soul, in death shall say,
“ Now, Lord ! *I come to Thee for rest.*”

CXX.

“ So he bringeth them to their desired haven.”—Psalm cvii. 30.

- 1 HALF a wreck, by tempests driven,
Yet this feeble bark survives,
Dashed against the rocks and riven,
In the midst of death it lives :
See it pressed on every side,
See it still the storm outside !
- 2 Can a bark like mine so shattered,
Ever reach yon friendly shore ?
Tempest-tossed so long, and battered,
Can it stand one conflict more ?
Should another storm assail,
Mast, and planks, and all must fail.
- 3 So they would, but One that's greater
Than the storms and waves is here ;
He it is, whose name is sweeter
Far than music to my ear ;
He preserves my shattered bark ;
He makes light when all is dark.
- 4 Jesus is the Lord, who hears me,
When the tempest roars around ;
He it is whose presence cheers me,
When I hear the dreadful sound ;

Trusting in his grace and power,
Need I fear the darkest hour ?

- 5 What, though every plank is starting,
Waves are running mountains high,
Thunders roaring, lightnings darting,
And no saving hand seems nigh !
Let me still no danger fear,
Jesus, though unseen, is near.

*CXXI.

"In the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed my soul."—Psalm xciv. 19.

- 1 THROUGH the long and lonely night,
Amidst languor, and pain, and fear,
The darkness is turned to light,
My Saviour ! if thou art near ;
And I feel I can patiently suffer still,
And my only prayer is to do thy will.
- 2 But, if left to nature's sway,
How wearisome prove the hours !
How vain is it then to essay
Philosophy's boasted powers !
My Saviour ! no voice less efficient than
thine,
Can teach the poor sufferer not to repine.
- 3 But e'en when the mind is worn
With the pressure of long disease,

And the feeble frame is torn
With anguish no medicine can ease,
If thy presence be granted, the soul is blest ;
She flies to thy bosom, and there finds rest.

- 4 And then, her one desire,
Is, to be conformed to thee,
And to pass through the furnace fire,
That her dross consumed may be ;
For if with them there, as, of old, thou wert,
Thy children can pass through the flames
unhurt.

- 5 And oh ! when the heart is taught
That in love each correction is sent ;
That thy tenderness changes not,
But is proved by thy chastisement ;
Though the tear of distress unforbidden
may flow,
Submission, and thankfulness, mingle with
woe—

- 6 For the sense of thy pardoning love
Is shed o'er the soul like balm,
And she looks to the realms above,
And she feels a heavenly calm ;
She knows that her treasure is laid up in
store,
And that soon, very soon, she will suffer
no more.

*CXXII.

UNDER DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.

"Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace."—Job
xxii. 21.

- 1 ART thou acquainted, oh ! my soul !
With such a Saviour, such a friend,
Whose power can all events control,
And from all evils can defend ?
- 2 Why art thou then opprest with fears ?
Knowledge of him should give thee peace ;
Should check these mournful thoughts, and
tears,
And bid these sad misgivings cease.
- 3 Is it the *past* that gives thee pain ?
Sins, errors, falls, dost thou deplore ?
The atoning blood pleads not in vain ;
Thy God remembers them no more.
- 4 Do *present* troubles vex thy mind ?
Sufferings of body, mental care ?
In God a refuge thou wilt find,
And oh ! what sweet relief in prayer !
- 5 Dost thou the unknown *future* dread,
Sorrows in life, or death's dark vale ?
In both shall light around be shed !
Thy God's sure promise cannot fail.

- 6 Dost thou with dread still greater, shrink
From pain, for those on earth most dear ?
And oft, with sickening anguish, think
On all they yet may suffer here ?
- 7 Oh ! faithless, unbelieving heart !
So slow to trust that tenderest friend ;
Who *then* will needful strength impart,
Who “ loving, loves unto the end.”
- 8 No longer doubt, nor fear, nor grieve,
Nor on uncertain evils dwell ;
Past, present, future, calmly leave
To Him, who will “ do all things well.”

CXXIII.

“ As thy days, so shall thy strength be.”—Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint ! to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour’s gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That, “ as thy days, thy strength shall be.”
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
“ How shall I stand the trying day ?”
He has engaged by firm decree,
That, “ as thy days, thy strength shall be.”
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord shall make the tempter flee,
For, “ as thy days, thy strength shall be.”

- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 5 When thou art called to bear the cross,
Or some affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."

*CXXIV.

COMPOSED UNDER SEVERE PAIN.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—Luke xviii. 1.

- 1 OFTEN, my God ! when most I need
Thy pitying aid, I seek it least ;
And fail thy promises to plead,
When weary, and with pain oppress.
- 2 For Satan, then, with guileful power,
Draws near, and tempts me to delay ;
Suggesting still, from hour to hour,
"Thou art too sick, too weak to pray."
- 3 "Nor mind nor body now can bear
The high employment ; wait awhile !"

Oh ! what could comfort me like prayer ?
What cheer me like my Saviour's smile ?

- 4 I will approach thee—I will force
My way through obstacles to thee ;
To thee for strength will have recourse,
To thee for consolation flee !
- 5 Not willingly dost thou so grieve
And chasten thy still pardoned child ;
Wilt thou not soon my pain relieve,
And cheer me with thy accents mild ?
- 6 Oh, cast me—cast me not away,
From thy dear presence, gracious Lord !
My burden at thy feet I lay ;
My soul reposes on thy word.
- 7 To those who faint and have no might,
Thou freely givest strength and power :
Now grant me favour in thy sight,
And aid me in my suffering hour.

*CXXV.

" Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."
John xiv. 27.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! address these words to me !
Let not *my* heart thus troubled be,
Nor let it be afraid !

I know all power, in earth, in heaven,
To thee eternally is given ;
By thee all hearts are swayed.

- 2 Why then, terrestrial changes fear,
Or for myself, or those most dear,
Though troubles round me swell ?
To those thy blood has dearly bought,
Thy Spirit sanctified, and taught,
All shall, all *must* be well !

- 3 I hear of troubles, tumults, wars ;
But each discordant sound that jars
On nature's startled ear,
Serves to enhance his wondrous grace,
Who deigns to be my hiding-place
From every storm I fear.

- 4 Yes, blessed Jesus ! I am thine !
Dare I mistrust that love divine
Which drew me to thy feet ?
Then raised me, placed me by thy side,
Called me thy sister, nay, thy Bride,
In tenderest accents sweet !

- 5 Oh no ! that love I cannot doubt,
Which, when I wandered, sought me out,
And thro' life's varied course,
Has kept its *hold* upon my heart,
Spreading its sway o'er every part
With strong, yet gentle force.

- 6 I feel more deeply every hour,
But for that love's resistless power,
I should be lost, undone !
Still, on that promise I depend,
That thou wilt keep unto the end,
Those thou hast made thine own.
- 7 Then come what may, in this short life,
Vicissitude, pain, sickness, strife,
All will promote my good ;
Make me to thee more closely cling,
While o'er me thou wilt spread thy wing,
As the hen shields her brood.

*CXXVI.

A LOOK UPWARDS IN DEPRESSION OF MIND.

TAKE courage, O, my soul ! this life which
seems
To thee while suffering, wearisomely long,
Would, if thy faith were vigorous and strong,
Full oft be gladdened by celestial gleams,
On that fair city, where the sun's bright
beams
Are needed never, and the white robed throng,
Pour forth their hallowed ecstasies in song,
To gaze with steadier vision, thee beseems.
On "things not seen," thou'rt bid to fix thine
eye ;

To feel a stranger and a pilgrim here ;
 Of small account life's transient griefs appear,
 When Faith unfolds heaven's joys, and brings
 them nigh ;
 Then bright and blest each hour of Time
 would be,
 Fraught with the glories of Eternity.

*CXXVII.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

- 1 My God and Father ! while I stray
 Far from my home in life's rough way,
 Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
 " Thy will be done !"
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me " be still," and murmur not,
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 " Thy will be done !"
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 " Thy will be done !"
- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
 I only yield thee what was thine ;
 " Thy will be done !"

- 5 Should pining sickness waste away,
My life in premature decay,
My Father ! still I strive to say,
 “ Thy will be done ! ”
- 6 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God ! to thee I leave the rest—
 “ Thy will be done ! ”
- 7 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
 “ Thy will be done ! ”
- 8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 “ Thy will be done ! ”

*CXXVIII.

“ We are saved by hope.”—Romans viii. 24.

- 1 OH ! were it not for that sweet hope,
Of future rest and bliss,
How would my fainting soul bear up,
Beneath a load like this !
- 2 A sinful heart, a suffering frame,
An ever watchful foe ;
Thoughts of the past which fill with shame,
All aggravate my woe.

- 3 Were not this blessed hope my own,
So dark the scene appears ;
My soul would sink despairing down,
Unceasing flow my tears,
- 4 Are no sweet promises bestowed,
To suit a case like mine ?
To shed across my dreary road,
A gleam of light divine ?
- 5 Yes ! at the end of this dark vale,
Some golden streaks I see,
Which tell, though faint as yet, and pale,
The morning breaks for me !
- 6 They tell that light for me "is sown,"
I'll watch the kindling ray ;
And through the twilight, hasten on,
To greet th' eternal day.

*CXXIX.

SELF-EXAMINATION UNDER FEAR OF SELF-DECEPTION.

"Perplexed, but not in despair."—2 Cor. iv. 8.

- 1 SEARCHER of hearts ! to thee are known
My conflicts, doubts, and painful fears ;
Thou clearly seest, and thou alone,
That which to me perplexed appears.
- 2 If here I should an error make,
Fatal the consequence may be ;

My soul's salvation is at stake,
Sickness *may* end in death for me.

3 I have no line wherewith to sound
The dark mysterious depths within ;
Such contradictions there abound,
That grace seems all but quenched by
sin.

4 Still the sweet hope that thou hast deigned
My soul with "saving" health to bless,
'Midst all my conflicts is maintained,
The dearest treasure I possess.

5 'Tis the one cheering beam that gilds
My clouded, solitary path ;
And the pure lambent light it yields,
Seems sent in mercy, not in wrath.

6 That hope has stood full many a shock,
'Midst sickness, sorrow, weakness, pain ;
An anchor fastened to that Rock
No sinner ever sought in vain.

*CXXX.

MEDITATION ON THE MIDNIGHT PRECEDING GOOD FRIDAY.

1 OH ! my Redeemer ! can I sleep
With heart at ease, with spirits light,
When thou for me such watch did keep,
On this sad night ?

- 2 Shall I not "watch with thee one hour?"
Shall I not think what griefs were thine,
Contemplating the amazing power
Of love divine?
- 3 This night there fell on thee the shock,
(By thine omniscience long foreseen,)
Of treachery 'midst thy little flock,
Yet Thou, serene,
- 4 With words of holiest tenderness,
Didst only strive their grief to calm;
Their fainting hearts to soothe and bless,
With heavenly balm!
- 5 Oh! what a passover they shared!
Nor them alone didst thou include;
For us that feast was then prepared,
Faith's mystic food.
- 6 The heavenly manna then bestowed,
Endued with undecaying power,
Has nourished the whole church of God,
E'en from that hour.
- 7 Thence would I follow thee, in thought,
To that lone spot, so dark for thee,
For us, with light and gladness fraught,
Gethsemane!
- 8 Thy unknown anguish suffered there—
Thy sweat of blood—the wrath of God—

All were endured that we might share
Thy bright abode.

9 And when that last, sad morning came,
Following a night of agony,
When thou ! God's undefiled Lamb,
Wert led to die ;

10 What sounds, what sights surrounded
Him
Whose praise tunes every harp in
heaven !
No wonder contrite tears should dim
The record given !

11 What torture to a soul so pure,
Sin in its worst excess to see !
Yet this, all this didst *Thou* endure,
My God, for me !

12 How can I choose but weep and wake,
When *such* a night and morn were thine ;
Thou all the penalty didst take,
The guilt was mine.

*CXXXI.

MORNING HYMN.

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. xii. 2.

1 LORD, I would rise each morning,
In *thy* blest path to tread :

Such light from thence is dawning,
 I ne'er can be misled :
 That heavenly track pursuing,
 My soul fresh strength will gain ;
 That bright example viewing,
 Some likeness to attain.

- 2 Each grace with mild effulgence,
 Through thy demeanour shone ;
 Self-pleasing, self-indulgence,
 To thee were never known ;
 'Twas as "a man of sorrows,"
 Thy years were passed below ;
 From this the sufferer borrows,
 A balm for every woe.
- 3 Privation, self-denial,
 Fatigue, opprobrium, scorn,
 Each varied form of trial,
 By thee were hourly borne ;
 Full oft thine heart was wounded,
 E'en by that chosen few,
 Towards whom thy love unbounded,
 No change, nor limit knew.
- 4 Whole nights of prayer succeeded
 Thy long laborious day ;
 Thy fervent spirit needed
 No solace but to pray ;

Thy mortal strength fast wasted,
But thy untiring soul,
With ceaseless ardour hasted
To reach the glorious goal.

- 5 If life e'er seem appalling,
O'ercast with pain and gloom,
Whether past griefs recalling,
Or fearing woes to come ;
Be this reproof sufficient ;
What thoughts must thine have been,
When by thine eye omniscient,
Jerusalem was seen !

- 6 What anguish there awaited
The spotless Lamb of God !
Who, scorned, blasphemed, and hated,
Poured out his precious blood !
There, to ensure my pardon,
He sorrowed unto death,
And in that mournful garden,
Fainted my load beneath.

- 7 Lord ! I can ne'er unravel
The mystery of thy woes !
Of thy pure spirit's travail,
The agonizing throes ;
But oh ! that Cross and Passion
Should check each weak complaint,
That unknown tribulation
Should bid *me* not to faint.

- 8 Since thou hast deigned to suffer,
 Let suffering still be mine !
 My path can ne'er be rougher,
 Ne'er half so rough as thine ;
 Oh, when my heart seems sinking,
 Let this my cordial be,
 I, of thy cup am drinking,
 To be conformed to thee.

*CXXXII.

"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as
 with sons."—Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 O CHEER thee, cheer thee, suffering saint !
 Though worn with chastening, be not
 faint !
 And though thy night of pain seem long,
 Cling to thy Lord—in him be strong ;
 He marks, he numbers every tear,
 Not one faint sigh escapes his ear.
- 2 O cheer thee, cheer thee ! he has traced,
 Thy track through life, from first to last ;
 Each stage, the present, childhood, youth,
 Has borne fresh witness to that truth,
 Which soon will tune thy harp above,
 "Loved with an everlasting love."
- 3 Yes, cheer thee, cheer thee ! though
 thine ear,
 Quickened by suffering, scarce can bear

The voice of those who love thee best,
Not lonely art thou, not unblessed ;
Thy soul's Beloved, ever nigh,
Bends o'er thee whispering, "*It is I.*"

- 4 O cheer thee, cheer thee ; now's the hour
To him to lift thine eye for power,
His all-sufficiency to show,
Even in extremity of woe :
While in the furnace to lie still,
This is indeed to do his will.

- 5 Then cheer thee, cheer thee ! though the
flame
Consume thy wasting, suffering frame ;
His gold shall suffer harm, nor loss,
He will but purge away the dross,
And fit it, graced with many a gem,
To form his glorious diadem.

- 6 And *He will* cheer thee, he will calm
Thy pain intense, with heavenly balm ;
Show thee the martyr's white-robed
throng—
Thy place prepared, that host among ;
That weight of glory will o'erpower
The anguish of life's suffering hour.

- 7 Yes, *He will* cheer thee—he will prove,
The soul encircled by his love,

Can meekly, midst her anguish, say,—
 “ Still will I trust him, though he slay ;”
 And he will make his words thine own—
 “ Father ! thy will, not mine be done.”

*CXXXIII.

“ I will not leave you comfortless.”—John xiv. 18.

- 1 HOLY Comforter ! who guidest
 Those who seek thine aid divine ;
 Who in contrite *hearts* abidest,
 Now, amidst my darkness shine !
 Though around me waves are swelling.
 And the storms of life increase ;
 If my heart be made thy dwelling,
 I shall still be kept in peace.
- 2 'Tis thine office, blessed Spirit !
 Christ's remembrancer to be ;
 Though such grace I cannot merit,
 Now recall his words to me ;
 Though with grief my heart seems broken,
 Though the waves go o'er my soul ;
 Every word, by Jesus spoken,
 Makes the wounded spirit whole.
- 3 God of peace, and consolation !
 Pour this balm upon my mind ;
 In my Saviour's Cross and Passion,
 Strength, and healing, let me find !

Is the outward man decaying ?
Be the inward man renewed !
Now, thy power and love displaying,
Cheer my mournful solitude.

- 4 Take the things to Christ belonging,
Manifest his love to me ;
Check these thoughts of anguish, throng-
ing
This poor heart, resigned to thee ;
Show me life nor death can sever
From my soul, that heavenly Friend ;
Tell me he is mine for ever,
And will love me to the end.

CXXXIV.

"I will put my trust in him."—Heb. ii. 18.

- 1 OH cast away thy fears !
Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and
storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyful day.
- 3 He every where hath sway,
And all things serve his might,

His every act pure blessing is ;
His path unsullied light.

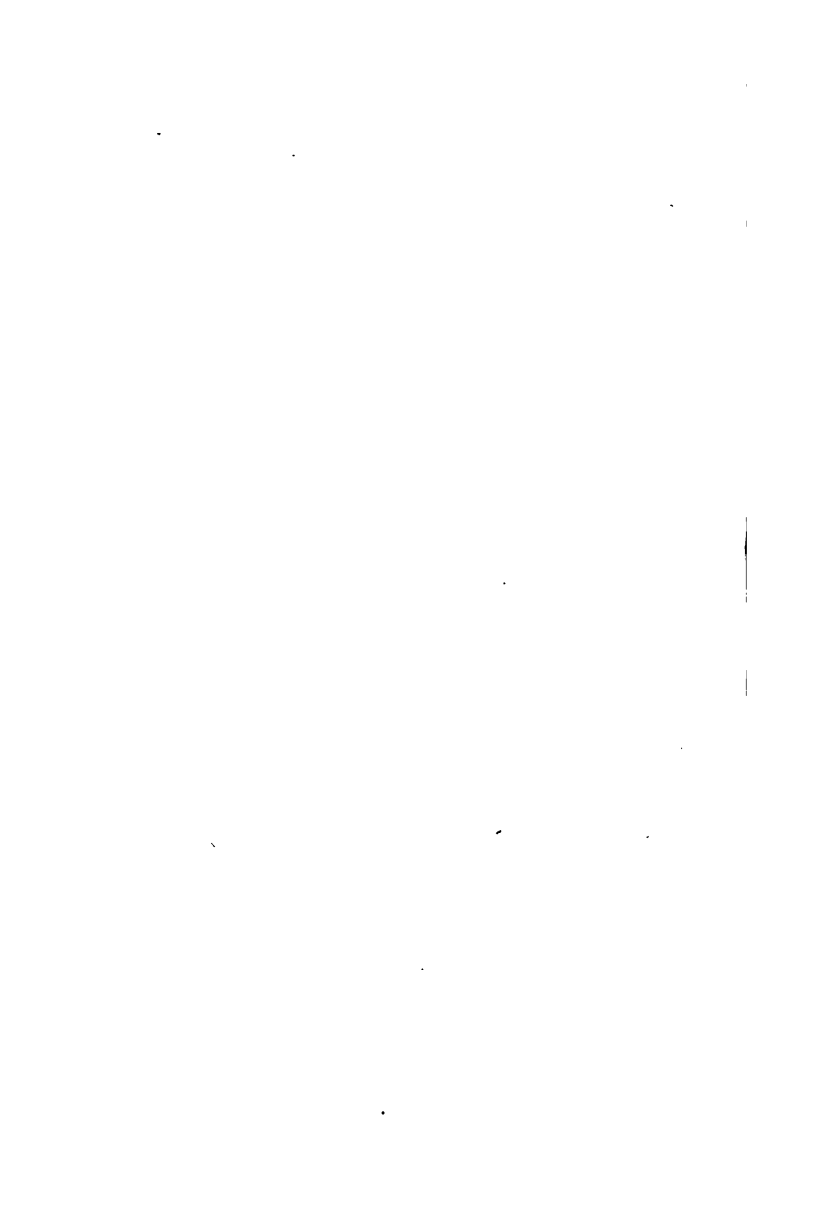
4 When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand ?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who then shall stay his hand ?

5 Leave to his sovereign sway,
To choose and to command :
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own,
How wise, how strong his hand.

6 Thou comprehend'st him not—
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne :
He ruleth all things well.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee ;
Oh ! lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

8 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care



PART FOURTH.

SUITED TO THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

CXXXV.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"—
2 Cor. v. 1.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail !
 And let it faint or die !
My soul shall quit this mortal vale,
 And soar to worlds on high ;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
That only rest for which it pants,
 In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my deliverer come ;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

3 Oh ! what hath Jesus bought for me !

Before my ravished eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise ;
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 Oh ! what are all my sufferings here,

If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet ?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take health or friends away !
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day !

*CXXXVI.

"Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the
flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind."

1 Peter iv. 1.

1 WHEN passing through deep waters

Of bitter pain and grief,
That sun is veiled which scatters
The clouds of unbelief ;
When past sins gather round me,
In all their crimson hue,
And foes unseen confound me,
With taunts, alas ! too true—

- 2 When human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply ;
Then whither, Lord, ah whither,
Can turn my straining eye ?
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross, where Thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was displayed.
- 3 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make ;
Though sorely thou mayest chasten,
Thou never canst forsake :
Thou on that Cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head ;
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

CXXXVII.

"The loving-kindness of the Lord."—Isaiah lxiii. 7.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me ;
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate ;
His loving-kindness, O how great !

- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes—
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along ;
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood ;
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I find my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But tho' I him have oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not !
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
Oh ! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

*CXXXVIII.

“ Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of
thy wings will I rejoice.”—Psalm lxxiii. 7.

- 1 MY Saviour ! when I come to die,
Look down on me with pitying eye,
For thy sweet mercy's sake ;

Shield my foreboding, trembling heart,
From the accuser's fiery dart !

Thy wings my covering make !

- 2 Thou knowest, Lord, my only plea,
Is sovereign grace, too rich, too free,
Too omnipotent to doubt ;
It drew me—led me to thy feet ;
To hear thee those blest words repeat,
“ Ne'er will I cast thee out.”

- 3 In childhood, thro' that grace divine,
To thee my heart did I resign,
And though in after years,
I wandered far in sin's dark track,
Mercy pursued, and brought me back,
With floods of contrite tears.

- 4 Still has that mercy led me on ;
For more than “ forty years,” has shone
O'er life's long pathway traced ;
And now, methinks, I see it gleam
From far, o'er Jordan's billowy stream,
Whither my footsteps haste.

- 5 Saviour ! thy voice can banish fear,
And if thou deignest to draw near,
When most I need thine aid ;
If when the cold waves round me swell,
“ The everlasting arms” I feel,
I shall not be dismayed !

- 6 Mercy will bear me safely through,
Mercy, sweet mercy, still pursue,
Brightening the dark rough wave,
And land me on that peaceful shore
Where enemies are known no more,
Omnipotent to save.

CXXXIX.

"For from the top of the rocks I see him."—Num. xxiii. 9.

- 1 NOT always shall I absent be
From him my soul desires to see,
Within the realms of light ;
Ere long my Lord will rend the veil,
And not a cloud will then conceal
His glory from my sight.
- 2 Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave ;
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise ;
It lifts a worm of earth on high ;
It gives him wings, and bids him fly
To mansions in the skies.

CXL.

"In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare
a place for you."—John xiv. 2.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies ;

- I bid farewell to every fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled ;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

CXLI.

" Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy
staff, they comfort me."—Psalm xxiii. 4.

- 1 O LAMB of God, my Saviour !
Slain on the tree of sorrow,
Thy suffering meek behaviour,
Paid what thou didst not borrow.
O, wonder far exceeding
All human power and sense !
Heaven's Sovereign was seen bleeding
To wash out my offence.

- 2 When I obtain permission
To leave this vale of tears,
Be thou, my kind physician,
At hand to soothe my fears !
Oh ! let my soul, expiring,
On thee, my God, recline,
And be true life acquiring,
From that pierced heart of thine.
- 3 Saviour ! apply the merit
And comfort of thy blood,
When I give up my spirit
To thee, my Judge, and God.
If with me in the passage
Thou art, how glad and bold
Shall I receive the message,
And let my limbs grow cold !
- 4 The soul, on thee believing,
Goes safe to Paradise ;
The body too, retrieving,—
A purer frame shall rise ;
In spite of death's corruption,
Thy glory I shall see ;
And sing of my adoption,
To all eternity !

CXLII.

"My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."—Ps. lxxiii. 26.

- 1 Do flesh and nature dread to die ?
And timorous thoughts our hearts en-
slave ?
Yet grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.
- 2 What ! shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal so near ;
Afraid to have our labours done,
And finish this important war ?
- 3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love ?
Why do we like this twilight so,
When 'tis all noon in worlds above ?
- 4 There shall we see him face to face ;
There shall we know as we are known :
And Jesus, with his glorious grace,
Shines in full light amidst the throne.
- 5 When we put off this fleshly load,
We're from ten thousand mischiefs free ;
For ever present with our God,
Where we have longed, and wished to be.
- 6 No more shall pride or passion rise,
Or envy fret, or malice roar,

Or sorrow mourn with downcast eyes ;
Sin shall defile our souls no more.

7 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come :
Where saints and angels ever blest,
Dwell, and enjoy their heavenly home.

8 Oh ! for a visit from my Lord !
To drive my fears of death away,
And help me through this darksome road,
To realms of everlasting day.

CXLIII.

"The Son of man hath not where to lay his head."
Matt. viii. 20.

1 How do thy mercies closè me round !
For ever be thy name adored !
I blush in things all to abound ;
The servant is above his Lord !

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led ;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo ! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep :
Yes, he himself becomes my guard ;
He smoothes my bed, and gives me sleep.

- 4 Jesus protects—my fears begone !
What can the Rock of Ages move ?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest ?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy ;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep my soul in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lovest to take,
In time and in eternity :
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

CXLIV.

"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly ; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God ; for He hath prepared for them a city."—Hebrews xi. 16.

- 1 My soul, go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth ;
What hath it been to thee
But pain and sorrow ?
And think'st thou it will be
Better to-morrow ?

- 2 Why art thou for delay ?
Thou can'st not here to stay :
What tak'st thou for thy part
But heavenly pleasure ?
Where then should be thy heart,
But where's thy treasure ?
- 3 Thy God, thy Head's above ;
There is the world of love ;
Mansions there purchased are
By Christ's own merit ;
For these he doth prepare
Thee, by his Spirit.
- 4 Lord Jesu, take my spirit :
I trust thy love and merit :
Take home thy wandering sheep,
For thou hast sought it :
My soul in safety keep,
For thou hast bought it.

CXLV.

"For ever with the Lord."—1 Thess. iv. 17.

- 1 "FOR ever with the Lord !"
Amen ! so let it be :
Life from the dead is in that word ;
'Tis immortality !
- 2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam !

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home !

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul—how near !
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah, then, my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love !
The bright inheritance of saints,
"Jerusalem above !"

5 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my prospects fly ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas, and stormy sky.

6 Anon ! the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease :
Whilst sweetly o'er my gladdened heart,
Expands the bow of peace.

7 "For ever with the Lord !"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that gracious word,
E'en here, to me fulfil.

8 Be thou at my right hand,
Then shall I never fail ;

Uphold me, and I needs must stand ;
Fight, and I shall prevail.

9 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain ;
By death, I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

10 “ Knowing as I am known ;”
How shall I love that word—
And oft repeat before the throne,
“ For ever with the Lord !”

CXLVI.

“LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.”

- 1 IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Blest Spirit, comfort me !
- 2 When I lie upon my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Blest Spirit, comfort me !
- 3 When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Blest Spirit, comfort me !

- 4 When the tempter me pursueth,
With the sins of all my youth,
And condemns me with untruth,
Blest Spirit, comfort me !
- 5 When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed ;
When to thee I have appealed,
Blest Spirit, comfort me !

CXLVII.

"Thou wilt shew me the path of life, in thy presence is fullness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Psalm xvi. 11.

- 1 WHAT the world values I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere—
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then bursts its chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

CXLVIII.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxii. 5.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise ;

And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes ;—

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore !

*CXLIX.

"It is I, be not afraid."—Matt. xiv. 27.

- 1 WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed :
I hear a voice I know full well,—
" 'Tis I—be not afraid."
- 2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear,
" 'Tis I—be not afraid."
- 3 There is a gulf that must be crossed ;
Saviour ! be near to aid !
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,
" 'Tis I—be not afraid."
- 4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade ;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
" 'Tis I—be not afraid."

*CL.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee."—Isaiah xliii. 5.

- 1 LEAVE thy dying bed to Jesus !
Take no thought for that dark hour,
By his death, his life, he frees us,
Both from Death's and Satan's power !
Shrink not from the dying strife,
'Tis thy passage into life.

- 2 Only "set thine house in order ;"
Leave thou nothing to be done ;
Let not fear thy mind disorder,
Christ for *thee* the victory won ;
He can make thy deathbed bright,
It is precious in his sight.

- 3 He has said, he will not leave thee,
Has he promised this in vain ?
Can the God of truth deceive thee ?
Coward fears his truth arraign ;
Simply on *his word* depend ;
He *will* love thee to the end.

CLI.

"I counsel thee to buy of me white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed."—Rev. iii. 18.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;

- 'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
" Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully through thee absolved I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue—
The grace of Christ is ever new !

*CLII.

" Be ye also ready."—Luke xii. 40.

- 1 WERE I, this very night to hear
The words, " thy soul shall be required,"
Oh ! could I listen without fear ?
Would death be dreaded, or desired ?
- 2 Alas ! alas ! I'm so involved
In *present* objects, thoughts, and cares,
That, were my earthly house dissolved,
I should be taken unawares.
- 3 I fear I might shrink back, distrest,
And shuddering, look from side to side,

Loath to forsake my earthly nest,
And cross the dark, unfathomed tide.

4 Why has the thought of death's bright
hour,—

The happiest hour the soul can hail—
Thus lost for me its quickening power?
Why thus do sense and fear prevail?

5 O Thou, who hast the golden key
Of death, and life, of hell and heaven,
Let not my call to come to thee,
In unpreparedness be given!

6 Loosen, by thine effectual power,
Each too attractive earthly tie;
Keep me each night, each morn, each hour,
Ready alike to live or die!

*CLIII.

"I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."
John xvii. 4.

1 O THOU! whose arm omnipotent did
vanquish
Both death, and him that "had the
power of death,"
Who, on the cross, 'mid shame, and
bitterest anguish,
Cried "It is finished," with thy latest
breath;

That blessed sentence, fraught with
heavenly power.

Shall bear me up, in my expiring hour.

- 2 For ever, and for ever, thou didst finish,
The work thy Father gave thee to fulfil,
Man can add nothing, nor can aught
diminish,
That work remains consummate, perfect,
still ;
Glorious salvation, full, eternal, free,
This was the work wrought out for us, by
thee.

- 3 I fasten on that finished work, my hope ;
Saviour! on thee my trembling soul I cast !
Death's dark and shadowy vale, for me will
ope,
A way to that bright portal thou hast
passed,
Hast thrown it open, and hast left it wide,
E'en for the feeblest who in thee confide.

*CLIV.

"He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Heb. xiii. 5.

- 1 THE thought that I must leave ere long,
My friends beloved, at times will grieve
me ;

But this, e'en then shall be my song,—
The Lord will never, never leave me.

- 2 Well mayest thou ask, O Friend divine !
“Am I thy God? dost thou believe
me?”

Lord, 'tis enough if thou art mine,
If thou wilt never, never leave me !

- 3 Whither I go, my friends will come,
Death will enrich and not bereave me ;
Will waft me to that blessed home,
Where thou wilt never, never leave me.

- 4 From the rough passage shall I start,
When there thou waitest to receive me ?
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And thou wilt never, never leave me ?

- 5 Thou'rt gone my mansion to prepare,
Thou art the truth—canst thou deceive
me ?

Soon thou wilt re-unite us there,
Nor e'er forsake, nor ever leave me !

*CLV.

“To depart and be with Christ is far better.”—Philip. i. 23.

- 1 OH, how I long to reach my home,
My glorious home in heaven !
And wish the joyful hour were come,
The welcome mandate given !

- 2 Oh, how I long to lay aside
These worn out weeds of clay ;
And, led by my celestial guide,
T' explore yon azure way !
- 3 Oh, how I long to be with Christ,
Where all his glory beams !
To be from this dark world dismissed,
Which his dear name blasphemes !
- 4 Oh, how I long that world to hail,
Where sin can ne'er defile !
Where not a cloud shall ever veil
From me my Saviour's smile !
- 5 Oh, how I long to join the choir,
Who worship at his feet !
Lord, grant me soon my heart's desire !
Soon, soon, thy work complete !

CLVI.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job. xix. 25.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives :
(This thought transporting pleasure gives,)
And standing at the latter day,
On earth, his glories shall display.
- 2 And tho' this weak and mortal frame
Sink to the dust from whence it came—
Tho' buried in the silent tomb,
And worms my skin and flesh consume ;—

- 3 Yet on that happy rising morn,
New life this body shall adorn ;
These active powers refined shall be,
And God, my Saviour, I shall see.
- 4 Though mouldering in its bed of clay,
My mortal form to dust decay,
Yet, for myself, these wondering eyes
God shall behold, with glad surprise.

*CLVII.

FOR A DYING BED.

- 1 OH, weep not for me ! I can never be
blest,
Till my sorrowful spirit in Jesus shall
rest :
Till this body of sin and of death be des-
troyed,
And the soul for his glory alone be em-
ployed.
- 2 Oh, weep not for me ! now my joys will
begin ;
I shall know the full meaning of ceasing
from sin ;
I shall know how the saints are made perfect
in love ;
And be spotless and pure as the angels
above.

- 3 Oh, weep not for me ! soon my death-pangs
will cease,
And this suffering body will slumber in
peace ;
My soul, even now, "is in haste to be
gone,"
And her robe with the undefiled saints to
put on.
- 4 Oh, weep not for me ! the glad moment is
come,
Which tells me I now am made meet for
my home ;
My Saviour has willed I should now be
removed,
His face to behold, whom unseen I have
loved.
- 5 Oh, weep not for me ! I can welcome the
pains .
Which break every bond that my spirit
detains ;
And ere long, by his own gracious hand,
the last tear
Will be wiped from these eyes, which so
often weep here.

*CLVIII.

PRAYER AGAINST IMPATIENCE AND IRRITABILITY.

- 1 LORD, when I see thee as thou art,
No sufferings then will wake a sigh ;

- Grant the one wish that fills my heart,
To glorify thee ere I die !
- 2 When I would murmur and complain,
Fix on thy cross my tearful eye ;
Mine is far lighter to sustain ;
Oh, make me patient ere I die !
- 3 What countless blessings thou hast given,
Though health it please thee to deny,
Thy precious blood—a home in heaven !
Oh, make me thankful, ere I die !
- 4 Thou art my stem, my life, my root ;
Sap to thy feeblest branch supply ;
Those who “ abide in thee ” bear fruit—
Oh, make me fruitful, ere I die !
- 5 Too often do I go astray ;
Unstable—weak—alas ! am I ;
Oh, keep me in thyself, my way ;
Make me consistent, ere I die !
- 6 Oh, prove by making all things new,
Thou dost within me rule, not I ;
Let grace the carnal mind subdue,
And make me heavenly, ere I die !
- 7 None without holiness can see
Thy glorious beauty, eye to eye :
But if my heart thy temple be,
I shall be holy, ere I die.

- 8 Let every grace combine to prove,
Thy Spirit seals me from on high;
Faith, meekness, resignation, love,
Let each adorn me, ere I die.
- 9 Show that I am in thee "complete;"
In me thy mercy magnify;
Let all around thy praise repeat,
By me awakened, ere I die.
- 10 Thou art the Lord, my Righteousness,
No other wedding robe need I;
Jehovah's eye no spot will trace;
In it arrayed, I'm fit to die.
- 11 This, this alone can safety give,
When death's appalling hour draws
nigh;
If it be "Christ" to me "to live,"
It will be "gain" indeed "to die."

*CLIX.

"But who may abide the day of his coming; and who shall stand when he appeareth."—Mal. iii. 2.

- 1 THAT day, so long foretold, shall come,
The eventful day of final doom,
When all who ever lived shall meet,
Shall stand before the judgment seat,
And hear the unchangeable award,
The everlasting books record;

The lot irrevocably given,
Of hopeless woe, or bliss in heaven.

2 Will he, who fills that glorious throne,
Then deign my trembling soul to own ?
Before the assembled worlds proclaim,
That sins which cover me with shame,
Are pardoned, cancelled, and effaced,
Nor shall one lingering stain be traced,
Though once so dark so deeply dyed,
As nothing but his blood could hide ?

3 Yes, he *will* own me, on that day !
He will not cast my soul away !
“ I know in whom I have believed ;”
No sinner he has once received,
Shall e’er be severed from his love,
Or fail his faithfulness to prove ;
The words he spoke I cannot doubt,
“ I will, in no wise cast him out.”

4 My Saviour ! can it ever be,
That a poor, worthless worm, like me,
May think with joy and not dismay,
Of that tremendous final day ?
And love, in silent thought, to dwell
On scenes so strange, so terrible,
As only faith dares realise,
While mortal courage faints, and dies ?

- 5 'Tis even so, my Lord and God ;
Cleansed by thine all atoning blood,
And holding fast by that sure word,
Which a firm anchor doth afford,
I venture to believe, that day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
Will bring me bliss without alloy,
And consummate, and crown my joy.

*CLX.

"Be not thou far from me, O Lord ; O my strength haste
thee to help me."—Psalm xxii. 19.

- 1 FORSAKE me not, my God, my heart is
sinking,
Bowed down with faithless fears, and
bodings vain ;
Busied with dark imaginings, and drinking
Th' anticipated cup of grief and pain ;
But, Lord, I lean on thee ; thy staff and rod
Shall guide my lot,
I will not fear, if thou, my God, my God,
Forsake me not !
- 2 Forsake me not, my God ! man must for-
sake me,
And earth grow dim, and vanish from my
sight ;

Through death's dark vale no human hand
 may take me,
 No friend's fond smile may bless me
 with its light :
Alone the silent pathway must be trod,
 Through that drear spot,
For I must die alone—Oh then, my God,
 Forsake me not.

3 Forsake me not, my God ! when darkly
 o'er me
 Roll thoughts of guilt, and overwhelm
 my heart ;
When the accuser, threatening, stands
 before me,
 And trembling conscience writhes be-
 neath the dart ;
Thou who canst cleanse by thine atoning
 blood,
 Each sinful spot,
Plead thou my cause, my Saviour and my
 God !
 Forsake me not !

4 Forsake me not, O thou, thyself forsaken,
 In that mysterious hour of agony,
When, from thy soul, thy Father's smile
 was taken,
Which had from everlasting dwelt on
 thee !

Oh, by that depth of anguish, which to know
Passes man's thought,
By that last bitter cry, incarnate God,
Forsake me not !

*CLXI.

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

"I will be with him in trouble."—Psalm xci. 15.

- 1 FATHER, when thy child is dying,
On the bed of anguish lying,
Then, my every want supplying,
To me thy love display.
- 2 Let me willingly surrender
Life to thee, its gracious lender ;
Can I find a friend more tender ?
Why should I wish to stay ?
- 3 Ere my pulse has ceased its beating,
Ere my sun has reached its setting,
Let me, some sweet truth repeating,
Shed round one parting ray.
- 4 Ere my chain's last link be broken,
Grant some bright and cheering token,
That for *me* the words are spoken,
" Thy sins are washed away."
- 5 If the powers of hell surround me,
Let not their assaults confound me !
All for which thy law once bound me,
Thyself hast died to pay.

- 6 When no remedies availing,
Fiercer pangs my frame assailing,
Show that flesh and heart are failing,
Be thou my strength and stay !
- 7 When, tho' tender friends be near me,
Their kind pity cannot cheer me,
And they strive in vain to hear me,
Turn not thy face away !
- 8 When, each face beloved concealing,
Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing,
Then, thy radiant smile revealing,
Unfold eternal day !
- 9 When the lips are dumb which blest me,
And withdrawn the hand that pressed me,
Then, let sweeter sounds arrest me,
Calling my soul away !
- 10 Thou, who bad'st to death defiance,
Fix on thee her firm reliance,
Let her tranquil, sweet affianced
Thy victory display !
- 11 Guide her to that world of spirits,
Where through thine atoning merits,
E'en thy weakest child inherits
Joys which can ne'er decay.

CLXII.

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 57.

- 1 I STOOD beside the dark death-bed,
My arm sustained the sufferer's head ;
That sinking head, and glazing eye,
Proclaimed the King of terrors nigh.
- 2 Yet, tyrant ; in that final hour,
Thou still shalt own a mightier power ;
I named the name of Christ ! and lo !
It checked thy hand, and stayed the blow.
- 3 Oh, name to every Christian dear,
But sweetest to the dying ear !
That sound, when other sounds were vain,
Upraised the sinking head again.
- 4 The glazing eye so dull, that e'en
Our streaming tears fell all unseen—
Caught at the word, a parting ray,
Earnest of heaven's approaching day.
- 5 A smile of speechless joy that told,
Relumed those features pale and cold ;
Rallied that tongue, its powers once more—
Re-echoed "Christ"—and all was o'er !

*CLXIII.

"To die is gain."—Phil. i. 21.

- 1 O MUCH beloved ! fear not to die,
Lift up to heaven thy tearful eye ;
And see, prepared for thee,
A mansion where no sins, no foes,
Shall ever break thy sweet repose,
Through all eternity.
- 2 Why should'st thou fear to die, when death
Is but to yield thy mortal breath,
And lay this frame aside,
"Fearfully, wonderfully made"—
Yet now, enfeebled, worn, decayed,
And oft with suffering tried ?
- 3 Death *must* dissolve it, flesh and blood
Can enter not that pure abode,
Where Christ his face unveils ;
Then, since by death, and death alone,
Can be attained that bliss unknown,
Shrink not when death assails.
- 4 To Nature, his approach seems sad,
But Faith rejoices, and is glad,
His coming step to hear :
She knows that, though the hand be rough,
That strikes the soul's hard fetters off,
Each blow brings freedom near.

- 5 Then when the captive is set free,
What life, what joy, what liberty
Will heaven's bright gates unfold !
The last pang felt, the last sigh heaved,
Faith's great reward will be received,
Christ Jesus to behold !
- 6 Christ in his glory ! oh, the thought
With bliss ineffable is fraught ;
And when the soul holds fast
That blessed hope, which he has given,
Of endless life, with him in heaven,
Aside all fears are cast.
- 7 Then, much beloved, fear not to die !
Lift up by faith, thy tearful eye,
And see, in heaven prepared,
A place where near him thou shalt be,
Where, by thyself, eternally,
His glory shall be shared.

*CLXIV.

" We are more than conquerors through him that loved us."—Rom. viii. 37.

- 1 HARK ! what voice of love is speaking,
'Mid these throes of pain and death ?
Light upon my soul is breaking,
E'en while struggling thus for breath ;
Welcome, then, this dying anguish,
These cold dews that steep my brow !

That blest hour, for which I languish,
Cannot be far distant now !

2 All my outward senses failing,
Part me from terrestrial things ;
But my soul, new life inhaling,
Fluttering, striving, spreads her wings ;
Ye, who tenderest watch are keeping,
Though these hours seem dark indeed ;
Think, while o'er my sufferings weeping,
Thus th' imprisoned soul is freed.

3 Be the prison bars demolished !
King of terrors ! break them down !
But, thy further power abolished,
Christ thy conqueror thou must own :
He is with me, he is near me !
He, thy every stroke directs !
His beloved accents cheer me,
He, the soul he saved, protects !

4 Lord, thou comest to receive me !
Oh, what faithfulness is thine !
Now when every friend must leave me,
Come to be for ever mine !
Lo ! the beatific vision
Breaks on my enraptured sight ;
Weighed with this divine fruition,
E'en the pangs of death seem light.

CLXV.

"Be not afraid; only believe."—Mark v. 36.

- 1 OH, for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
And all his frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing;
Where is thy boasted victory, grave,
And where the monster's sting?
- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now, to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid;
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

CLXVI.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present
with the Lord."—2 Cor. v. 6.

- 1 DEATHLESS Principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought:

Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown ;
Go, his triumphs to adorn,
Born of God, to God return.

- 2 Lo ! he beckons from on high ;
Fearless to his presence fly :
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God :
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend,
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.
- 3 Is thy earthly house distrest,
Wishing to retain her guest ?
'Tis not thou, but she must die,
Fly, celestial tenant, fly !
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away ;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love !
- 4 Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on him ;—
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar ;
Not one object of his care,
Ever suffered shipwreck there :

See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through.

- 5 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade ;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore !
Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above ;
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

*CLXVII.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which
is far better."—Phil. i. 23.

- 1 LET me be with thee, where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest !
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.
- 2 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;
Then only will this wandering heart,
Cease to be faithless, treacherous,
cold.
- 3 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore ;
Then only will this sinful heart,
Be evil and defiled no more.

- 4 Let me be with thee, where thou art !
Where none can die—where none
remove ;
Where life nor death my soul can part
From thy blest presence and thy love.

*CLXVIII.

"They are without fault before the throne of God."
Rev. xiv. 5.

- 1 O, HEAVEN, abode of saints !
Where sin can never come,
For thee my spirit faints,
I long to be at home.
O world of peace, O land of rest !
When shall I reach thee, and be blest ?
- 2 O Death, once dreaded foe !
Thy name no fear inspires ;
Thine icy hand, I know,
Will quench corruption's fires :
And not a spark be left within,
Which aught can kindle into sin.
- 3 The worm will sweetly feed
On my unconscious form ;
But I shall then be freed,
And safe from every storm :
And when that form is raised anew,
It will be fair and spotless too.

- 4 My Advocate, above !
Repairer of my fall !
Oh ! by thy dying love,
Receive my mourufall call.
Thy voice can calm the storm within,
Thy blood can wash away my sin.

CLXIX.

"The time of my departure is at hand,"—2 Tim. iv. 6.

- 1 THE hour of my departure's come !
I hear the voice that calls me home ;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run ;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now, my witness is on high,
And now, my record's in the sky.
- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust ;
I bow before thee in the dust ;
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear :
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless, prove a friend.
- 5 I come, I come at thy command ;
I give my spirit to thine hand ;

Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms !

CLXX.

" I desire to depart."—Phil. i. 26.

- 1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart ;
Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be,
It pants my much loved Lord to see.
- 3 That blessed interview how sweet,
To fall transported at his feet ;
Raised in his arms to see his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace !
- 4 To view heaven's shining angels round,
All with celestial glories crowned ;
And while his form in each I trace,
Beloved, and loving, all to embrace !

CLXXI.

" In my flesh shall I see God."—Job. xix. 26.

- 1 MY life's a shade : my days
Apace to death decline ;

- My Lord's my life : he'll raise
My dust again, even mine :
Sweet truth to me ! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.
- 2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones to that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay :
Sweet truth to me ! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.
- 3 My Lord, his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound !
At whose most welcome call,
My grave shall be unbound :
Sweet truth to me ! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.
- 4 I said sometimes with tears,
" Ah, me ! I'm loath to die :"
Lord, silence all these fears,
My life's with thee on high :
Sweet truth to me ! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.
- 5 What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death ?
My life and I shan't part,
When I resign my breath :

Sweet truth to me ! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

- 6 Then welcome, harmless grave !
By thee to heaven I'll go ;
My Lord—his death shall save
Me from the flames below :
Sweet truth to me ! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

*CLXXII.

“ I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep : for thou, Lord,
only makest me dwell in safety.”—Psalm iv. 8.

- 1 JESUS ! who didst in death endure
Sufferings which none can e'er conceive,
My soul's salvation to procure,
Now, now, thy dying child receive !
Oh, lay me down within thine arms !
Oh, tranquilise these vain alarms !
- 2 This mortal fabric now gives way ;
Its ruins soon will strew the ground ;
But thou wilt still beside me stay,
Thy breast my pillow will be found !
There will my latest tear be shed,
Thine arms of love beneath my head !
- 3 Full many a dying bed, by thee
Has been so soothed, so cheered, so blest,

That all around could clearly see
Thy smile made death a welcome guest :—
Thus, Lord, mine eyelids gently close ;
Hushed on thy bosom to repose.

- 4 Didst thou not promise thou wouldst come
Thy dying children to receive ?
Wilt thou not take me gently home ?
Lord, thy sure promise I believe ;
And I, when my last breath shall cease,
In thee shall fall asleep in peace.

CLXXIII.

“ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”—1 Cor. ii. 9.

- 1 In vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death ;
The glories that surround the saint,
When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks ;
We scarce can say, “ they’re gone,”
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her heavenward flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
That hides that world of light.

- 4 Thus much, (and this is all we know,) They are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

CLXXIV.

"As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Pa. xvii. 15.

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour ! in thy face
The essence dwells of every grace ;
All things beside, which charm the sight,
Are shadows tipt with glow-worm light.
- 2 Thy beauty, Lord !—the enraptured eye
Which fully views it, first must die ;
Then let me die, through death to know,
That bliss I seek in vain below.

CLXXV.

"O that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I flee away and be at rest."—Psalm lv. 6.

- 1 To Jesus the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O bear me, ye cherubim up !
And waft me away to his throne !

- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power !
- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain,
My soul from her portion in thee ;
Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free !
- 4 Oh ! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured ;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

CLXXVI.

"The heavenly Jerusalem."—Rev. xxi. 22.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls,
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 Oh ! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend ;

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know ;
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy
scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

*CLXXVII.

"Into thy hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me,
O Lord God of truth."—Psalm xxxi. 5.

1 God of my life ! thy boundless grace,
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me ;
My rest, my home, my dwelling place !
Father ! I come to thee.

- 2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield !
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield ;
Saviour ! I come to thee.
- 3 Spirit of glory and of God !
Long hast thou deigned my guide to be ;
Now, be thy comfort sweet bestowed !
My God ! I come to thee.
- 4 I come to join that countless host,
Who praise thy name unceasingly ;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
My God ! I come to thee.

CLXXVIII.

"To the end he may establish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints."—1 Thessa. iii. 13.

- 1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above.
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood,
From everlasting woe.

And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give;
Whose new-creating power,
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

CLXXIX.

- 1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever :
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

ADAPTED TO PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

*I.

SUNDAY HYMN, IN SOLITUDE.

- 1 LET me put on my fair attire,
My heavenly "robes of richest dress,"
And tune my consecrated lyre,
Lord of the Sabbath ! thee to bless.
- 2 Oh ! may no spot of sin to-day,
My raiment, "clean and white," defile !
And while I tune my heart-felt lay,
Bend down on me thy gracious smile.
- 3 Let holy feelings, heavenly themes,
Raise, and refresh, and fill my mind !
And earth's low vanities, and schemes,
Nor place, nor entertainment find !
- 4 The looks, the thoughts, the sweet employ
Of saints, whose treasure is above,
Be mine to-day—their zeal, their joy,
Their peace, and purity, and love.
- 5 My spirit may with theirs unite,
My humble notes with theirs may blend

- Though still denied the pure delight,
Thy sacred courts with them to attend.
- 6 "The faith and patience of the saints,"
These I may exercise each hour ;
When weak with pain, the body faints,
I best may manifest their power.
- 7 O, Saviour ! with completion crown
Desires thou wakenest not in vain ;
Stoop to thy lowly temple down :
Bring all these graces in thy train.
- 8 This is thy day of bounty, Lord !
I ask no small, no stinted boon,
But showers, rich showers of blessing poured
On me, though worthless and alone.
- 9 If the weak tendril round *Thee* twine,
It ne'er is hidden from thine eye ;
I cling to thee, life-giving Vine !
Strength, verdure, fruitfulness, supply.

*II.

ON BEING PREVENTED FROM GOING TO CHURCH BY ILLNESS.

"Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his
Son, Jesus Christ."—1 John i. 8.

- 1 THIS is enough—although 'twere sweet,
Thee in thy House of Prayer to meet,
Amid the assembly of thy saints,
For which, at times, my spirit faints.

- 2 But, O my God ! I love thy will,
I will not murmur, but " be still ;"
I will not sigh for joys once mine,
Which thou hast bidden me resign.
- 3 May those who haste to meet thee there,
Thy richest, choicest blessings share !
Yet thou hast still a blessing left
For me, though lonely, and bereft.
- 4 " Bereft ?" O no ! if thou, my God,
With me, wilt take up thine abode,
And grant me fellowship with thee,
Nor sad, nor lonely can I be.
- 5 My Father's smile, my Saviour's love,
Foretastes, by faith, of joys above,
These, with the blessed Spirit's peace,
Shall bid each thought regretful cease.

*III.

WHEN UNABLE TO SLEEP FROM RESTLESSNESS OR PAIN.

- 1 CELESTIAL Guardian ! thou who slumber-
est not,
Does not thy gracious eye behold the spot
On which this weak and weary frame re-
clines,
Though now no cheering light around me
shines ?

- 2 O yes ! with heavenly pity thou look'st
down
On me, e'en me, whose sins deserve thy
frown ;
Gild now th' oppressive darkness with thy
smile,
And these sad hours of restlessness beguile.
- 3 Tho' sweet repose forsake my uneasy bed,
Like silent dew, thy grace benignant shed ;
If thou beside me, these night-watches keep,
Thy presence will refresh far more than
sleep.
- 4 The restless, feverish body thou canst calm,
And on the unquiet mind, drop healing
balm ;
Canst round the soul such cheering radiance
pour,
That outward darkness shall be felt no
more.
- 5 O Thou ! who when, on earth, would'st oft
repair
To some lone mount, and pass the night in
prayer,
Set free my spirit from its cumbrous clod,
And be these waking hours all spent with
God.

*IV.

FOR A PERSON SUFFERING FROM A NERVOUS DREAD OF
ILLNESS.

“What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.”—Psalm lvi. 3.

- 1 WHY should I take such anxious thought,
Fearing this fragile frame's decay ?
When, “strong in faith,” shall I be taught
Just to live simply by the day ?
- 2 Why mark each sign so anxiously,
Lest fatal mischief be begun ?
Soon, at the latest, I *must die*—
An hour-glass has not long to run !
- 3 But He who formed this mortal frame,
“Fearfully, wonderfully made,”
He bears a Father's tender name ;
Why is my fluttering heart afraid ?
- 4 His word commands me *not* to fear
Those who can kill this body frail ;
Nor aught that I may suffer here—
Then why should unbelief prevail ?
- 5 He will not lay upon me more
Than he will aid me to sustain ;
And soon, my term of suffering o'er,
For *me* “there shall be no more pain.”
- 6 And whether sudden, or prolonged,
Gentle, or sharp, my final pain,

My soul, which ne'er to earth belonged,
Through it, her glorious rest will gain.

7 Be coward fears no longer mine,
Faith trembles not at pain, or death;
Clothed with its panoply divine,
In peace shall I resign my breath.

8 Saviour ! in my expiring hour,
Show that thou art indeed my life,
And make me, by thy glorious power,
A conqueror in that awful strife.

*V.

FOR A PERSON UNDER DEPRESSION FROM TOTAL LOSS OF
HEARING.

"Is any among you afflicted, let him pray."—James v. 13.

1 I *am* afflicted, let me pray—
Cheer, thou, O God ! my lonely day ;
And, though from man shut out,
Let no rebellious thoughts arise,
To mingle murmuring with my sighs—
Thy love, I dare not doubt.

2 One task is given me to fulfil,
To learn to know, and do thy will ;
To do it from my heart ;
That will, when rightly understood,
Is "holy, acceptable, good,"
Perfect in every part.

- 3 Is it thy will that I should be
Bereft of man's society,
And the sweet sound of speech ?
Then, Lord, conform my will to thine !
Forbid thy creature to repine,
Thy child submission teach.
- 4 In solitude my soul prepare,
Ere long, high intercourse to share,
With all thy saints above ;
There, no defect, no feeble frame,
Will part the followers of the Lamb,
Or cloud their life of love.
- 5 But is it solitude to me,
Withdrawn from man, to walk with thee,
My Saviour and my God ?
When the chief troubles I have known,
Have sprung from this, and this alone,
Scattering my thoughts abroad ?
- 6 I hear no earthly pastor's voice,
But His who makes the heart rejoice,
The troubled mind be still—
That Comforter's sweet words are mine,
Whose heavenly grace, whose light divine,
My soul with joy can fill.
- 7 And I can read the word of life,
Freed from distraction, noise and strife,
And meditate in peace,

Waiting that "Ephatha" from thee,
The prelude of heaven's harmony,
When life's short woes will cease.

*VI.

FOR A BLIND PERSON.

"He endured, as seeing him who is invisible."—Heb. xi. 27.

- 1 ARE Nature's charms all hidden,
For ever from my view ?
Am I in darkness bidden,
My journey to pursue ?
My Father ! oh, my Father !
Thy child can trust thee still,
And strength from thee can gather,
To suffer all thy will.
- 2 Though many a form be shrouded,
That once inspired delight,
My soul's clear eye unclouded,
And filled with inward light,
May gaze with steadier vision
On things to faith revealed,
And wait, in meek submission,
For all to be unsealed.
- 3 Vain things, that once deluded,
The world's false glare, and show,
By loss of sight excluded,
Nor please, nor tempt me now ;

Should I not welcome blindness,
If sent, my God, by thee,
In thy parental kindness,
To break earth's spells for me ?

4 Oh ! if this sad privation,
Which men misfortune deem,
Make Christ, and his salvation,
"The one thing needful" seem,
I then shall gain that treasure,
Impervious to decay,
Which care, ambition, pleasure,
Might else have snatched away.

5 On thee, my God ! reclining,
From things external freed,
Calm, peaceful, unrepining,
I go where thou shalt lead.
Loved looks, still lovelier seeming,
In memory's glow arrayed,
On me are ever beaming,
Undimmed by sorrow's shade.

6 Loved voices still can cheer me,
Sweet birds my ear can charm,
Kind guardians, ever near me,
Watch to protect from harm ;
But oh ! the thought most cheering,
Fraught with delight untold,
Is this—at thine appearing,
Thy face I shall behold.

*VII.

WHEN EXPECTING AN HOUR OF SUFFERING.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and
thou shalt glorify me."—Psalm l. 15.

- 1 MY God ! the dreaded hour draws near,
Nature shrinks back, and faints with fear,
My heart within me dies ;
But still, on thee, who know'st my frame,
Who torture hast endured, and shame,
On thee my hope relies.
- 2 I make no arm of flesh my stay—
All human powers thy will obey—
All means on thee depend—
Whate'er that will appoint for me,
In life, in death, thine let me be !
Support me to the end !
- 3 Give me that faith which nerves the soul,
That love, which can all fear control,
Which "all things can endure ;"
Now, in my time of utmost need,
My Saviour ! let me find indeed,
Thy word of promise sure.
- 4 Stand by me—speak those words divine,
"I have redeemed thee, thou art mine,"
"Thee will I ne'er forsake ;"
Say to my agitated heart,
Nothing from thee my soul shall part,
Nor thy sure covenant break.

- 5 And if a creature so defiled,
Whom yet thou deign'st to call thy child,
May ask one boon beside,
'Tis this—that in my suffering hour,
Thy grace may manifest its power,
Thy name be glorified.

*VIII.

ON LEAVING HOME FOR A Milder Climate.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."
Exodus xxxiii. 14.

- 1 THIS gracious promise, Lord, fulfil,
Now that I leave a home so dear;
My soul's sweet home is present still,
If thou art near.
- 2 Beneath thy wings if I remain,
My home ! my hiding-place ! my rest !
Sheltered, and safe, and free from pain,
My soul is blest.
- 3 Thy presence fills my mind with peace,
Brightens the thoughts so dark erewhile,
Bids cares, and sad forebodings cease,
Makes all things smile.
- 4 This striking of my pilgrim tent,
No longer mournful will appear,
If thy reviving presence lent,
The traveller cheer.

- 5 The spacious earth is all thine own ;
What land soe'er my steps invite,
That land thine eye will rest upon,
By day, by night.
- 6 I ask not health—I ask not ease,
I ask in thee my rest to find ;
To all *thy* sovereign will decrees,
Be *mine* resigned !
- 7 Guide every step where'er I go ;
Dictate each action, word, and thought ;
With those “fresh springs” from thee that
flow,
Let all be fraught !
- 8 If soon my sun of life shall set,
Still let me work, ere sinks that sun :
Nor mourn, at last, with vain regret,
My task undone.
- 9 Link me with those who fear thy name,
Whose zeal, and faith, and love, shine
bright,
And let them feed my lamp's weak flame,
With their pure light.
- 10 Whether again my home I see,
Or yield, on foreign shores, my breath,
Take not thy presence, Lord, from me,
In life or death !

- 11 In thee, my hiding-place divine,
Be rest throughout life's journeyings
given :
Then sweeter, holier rest be mine,
With thee in heaven !

*IX.

COMMENDATORY HYMN FOR AN INVALID SETTING OUT
ON A JOURNEY.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in
his bosom."—Isaiah xl. 11.

- 1 GRACIOUS Leader, and Defender
Of thy flock, in earth's dark vale !
Whose compassions deep and tender
Still flow forth, and never fail,
To thy safe and holy keeping,
We our feeble one commend !
O'er him* watch with eye unsleeping,
Guide him to his journey's end.
- 2 Lord of heaven and earth ! protect him ;
Maker both of sea and land,
Comfort, strengthen, and direct him,
Hold him up with thy right hand ;
Thou canst raise up friends 'mid strangers,
Thou all evil canst avert ;
Be his shield in storms, and dangers,
Carrying him through all, unhurt.

* Or "her,"

- 3 Saviour! in thine arms thou bearest
Those, by sickness feeble made;
For thy weakest lamb thou carest;
Such are on thy bosom laid;
To that rest we now confide thee,
Loved one! through each change beneath,
Let what will on earth betide thee,
There thou'rt safe for life or death.

*X.

FOR THOSE WHO WATCH THE BED OF FATAL, BUT LONG
PROTRACTED ILLNESS.

"The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning."
Eccles vii. 4.

- 1 YE, who as anxious months come round,
The same sad couch of suffering tend,
Listening to many a mournful sound,
And knowing what must be the end;
Deem not that He, whose name is love,
Can err, in aught he please to ordain;
Doubt not, these dark events will prove
The sufferer's everlasting gain.
- 2 How can the members be conformed,
Except by suffering, to their Head?
Where can the mind of Christ be formed,
But in the track he deigned to tread?
Christ as a "man of sorrows lived,
Christ on the cross of Calvary died;

Those who have here their cross received,
Shall soon be placed his throne beside.

3 Satan will labour to awake

Mistrustful thoughts, in this dark day,
And, with consummate art, to shake
That faith which is the soul's one stay;
Though nature shrink, and spirits fail,
When groans, or cries, mark pain intense,
Let not the Tempter's wiles prevail,
But firmly utter, "Get thee hence."

4 Christ knows the moment when to say,

"The hour of my redeemed is come!
"Father, I will that he to-day
"Behold my glory, share my home!"
Then shall that saint, now sharply tried,
Forth from the crucible be brought,
As gold, completely purified—
Gold, for the heavenly temple wrought.

5 And though the struggle now seem hard,

These "days of darkness" very long,
Yet, with eternal bliss compared—
The crown of life—the sweet new song—
Brief as a moment, they will seem
A troubled night, at break of day,
And soon, that glorious noon will beam,
When Christ shall wipe all tears away!

*XI.

WHEN THE SPIRIT HAS FLED.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

- 1 LIE down in peace to take thy rest,
Dear cherished form ! no longer mine,
But, bearing in thy clay-cold breast,
A hidden germ of life divine,
Which, when the eternal Spring shall bloom,
Will burst the shackles of the tomb.
- 2 Lie down in peace to take thy rest !
Unbroken will thy slumbers be,
Satan can now no more molest,
And Death has done his worst on thee ;
Lie down, thy hallowed sleep to take,
Till, clothed with glory, thou shalt wake.
- 3 Lie down in peace to take thy rest !
We can no longer watch thy bed,
But glorious angels, spirits blest,
Shall guard thee, day and night instead ;
And when thine eyes unclosed shall be,
Christ, in his glory, they shall see.
- 4 Lie down in peace to take thy rest !
My eyes must weep, my heart must
mourn ;
But to the thought that thou art blest,
For comfort and for hope I turn ;

Thou wilt not mark these tears that flow ;
Sorrow can never reach thee, now !

- 5 Lie down in peace to take thy rest !
Let *me* betake myself to prayer,
Binding faith's corslet on my breast,
Lest Satan find an entrance there ;
God gave—though now his gift he claim,
Still, blessed be his holy name !

XII.

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

"We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—Hebrews iv. 15.

- 1 JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human sympathy ;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to thee.
- 2 Thou dost remember, amidst all
The glories of thy throne,
The sorrows of humanity,
For they were once thine own.
- 3 Yes, and as if thou would'st be God,
Even in misery,
Thou'st left no sorrow but thine own,
Unreached by sympathy.
- 4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
Its fearfulness to thee ;

Thine eye alone can penetrate
The clouded mystery.

- 5 And is it not enough, O Lord,
Thy holy sympathy?
That sorrow cannot be too deep,
That I may bring to thee.

*XIII.

FOR ONE DISTRESSED IN ILLNESS WITH EARTHLY CARES.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things."—Luke x. 41.

- 1 ALAS! alas! my Lord, these words could
never
So well apply to Martha, as to me;
In vain I strive from earthly things to sever
These thoughts, this heart, that I would
fix on thee.
- 2 Is it that I, my need more deeply feeling,
May be compelled more fervently to pray?
That, to thy pow'r and grace alone appealing,
All self-dependence I may cast away?
- 3 Oh! look upon this heart which mourns to
grieve thee,
Which sighs and longs to be completely
thine;

Forbid it thus for worthless things to leave
thee,
Forbid it thus round earthly things to
twine.

- 4 What are they all to me, a spirit hasting,
Swift as a courier, to the eternal shore?
What folly, my brief moments to be wasting
On things I soon shall look upon no more!
- 5 My gracious, pitying Saviour, thou canst
aid me!
“One thing is needful;” on my heart
engrave
These words of wisdom, gently to upbraid
me,
And from “low-thoughted cares” my
heart to save.

*XIV.

WHEN ILLNESS HAS BEEN CAUSED BY SOME SUDDEN CATAS-
TROPHE, OR THE LOSS OF A BELOVED CHILD.

- 1 Thou! who art touched with feeling of our
woes,
Let me on thee my heavy burden cast!
My aching, anguish'd heart on thee repose,
Leaving with thee the sad mysterious
past;
Let me submissive bow, and kiss the rod;
Let me “be still, and know that thou art
God.”

- 2 Why should my harassed, agitated mind,
Go round and round this terrible event ?
Striving in vain some brighter side to find,
Some cause why all this anguish has been
sent ?
Do I indeed that sacred truth believe,
Thou dost not willingly afflict and grieve ?
- 3 Infinite wisdom, can it ever err ?
Infinite love, can it to us work ill ?
Good, only good, dost thou, my God, confer,
Tho' it to me, alas ! seem evil still :
Oh ! let not finite, frail, presumptuous man,
Thine acts arraign—thy hidden purpose scan.
- 4 Oh ! pity me, all crush'd beneath the blow,
Thus weeping o'er this sad mysterious
blight ;
My garden's richest, fairest plant laid low,
Gemmed with its dewy blossoms, sparkling
bright ;
Just when its roseate blooms were set for
fruit,
Stricken and shattered at the very root.
- 5 There are none like it left, and earth appears
So stripped, so desolate, without its
charms,
A barren waste, a mournful vale of tears,
That, were I not supported by thine arms,

My pitying Saviour! this poor heart would
break!

Oh! shield, oh! comfort, for thy mercy's
sake.

6 My lovely gourd is withered in an hour!

I droop, I faint beneath the scorching sun;
My Shepherd, lead me to some sheltering
bower,

There, where thy little flock "lie down
at noon:"

Tho' of my dearest earthly joy bereft,
Thou art my portion still—thou, thou, my
God, art left.

*XV.

WRITTEN ON RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.

"Not my will, but thine, be done."—Luke xxii. 42.

1 It is thy will; my Lord! my God,

And I, whose feet so lately trod

The margin of the tomb,

Must now retrace my weary way,

And in this land of exile stay,

Far from my heavenly home.

2 It is thy will; and this, to me,

A check to every thought shall be,

Which else, might dare rebel;

Those sacred words contain a balm,
Each sad regret to soothe and calm,
Each murmuring thought to quell.

- 3 It is thy will ; that will be done !
To thee the fittest time is known,
When, by thy grace made meet,
My longing soul shall soar away,
And leave her prison-house of clay,
To worship at thy feet.
- 4 It is thy will ; and must be mine,
Tho' here, far off from thee, I pine,
And find no place of rest ;
When shall the poor bewildered dove,
Now, o'er the waters doomed to rove,
Be sheltered in thy breast ?
- 5 It is thy will ; and now anew,
Let me my earthly path pursue
With one determined aim ;
To thee, to consecrate each power,
To thee, to dedicate each hour,
And glorify thy name.
- 6 It is thy will ; I seek no more ;
Yet, if I cast towards that bright shore,
A longing, tearful eye,
It is, because, when landed there,
Sin will no more my heart ensnare,
Nor Satan e'er draw nigh.

*XVI.

TO GIVE COMFORT IN A STORM.

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."—Psalm lvi. 3.

- 1 How fearfully the tempest roars !
The rain in rattling torrents pours ;
My trembling soul that Power adores,
Who bade this tempest rise ;
The wind and storm fulfil his word ;
In them his glorious voice is heard,
By him the electric fires are stirred ;
Ruler of earth and skies.
- 2 Oh ! 'tis a blessed, wondrous thing,
For which to praise thee, O my King !
That I, a helpless worm can cling
With confidence to thee ;
That I, by faith amidst the storm
Can hear thy Voice, can view thy Form,
Nay, feel thy sheltering pinions warm,
Extended over me !
- 3 Yes, Lord, midst all the fearful din,
Thou art "a place to hide me in !"
What can I lose, if thee I win ?
Should this our dwelling fall,
It can but crush my outward frame,
And place it there, from whence it came ;
My ransomed spirit thou wouldst claim,
And to thyself recall.

- 4 Thrice precious words, brought nigh to me !
That "whoso hearkeneth unto thee,"
"Shall dwell in safety, and shall be
Quiet from fear of ill ;"
The rains descend, the earth does quake,
I feel my bed beneath me shake,
Yet thee my refuge I can make,
Can trust thee, and be still.
- 5 My trembling nature faints with fear ;
Terrific seem the sounds I hear :
But oh ! the joy to feel thee near !
On thee my soul to cast !
To hear that Voice the winds obey,
In gentlest, sweetest accents say,
"Poor trembler ! cast thy fears away !
"Thou'rt safe ! I hold thee fast."
- 6 Sweet Voice ! full well I know its tones,
Though least of all his little ones,
For his, my dear-bought soul he owns ;
That soul he will defend ;
While in this troublous world I stay,
He will watch o'er me, night and day,
Forsake me never, come what may,
But keep me to the end.

Composed during a fearful thunder and hail storm.

*XVII.

"I go hence like the shadow that departeth."—Pa. cix, 22.

- 1 THERE is oft a mournful feeling,
When the sunlight fades away ;
Something to the heart appealing,
Seems in solemn tone to say,
" Thus, as night its shade doth cast,
Life's short day will soon be past."
- 2 But if thou, my God, appearing,
Make thy presence manifest,
Shining on my soul, and cheering
All within, how bright and blest
Then will be this twilight hour,
Hallowed by thy Spirit's power !
- 3 Words of comfort, thoughts of gladness,
He will whisper and impart ;
Chasing weariness and sadness,
Filling with sweet peace my heart,
Shedding o'er earth's shadowy scene,
Heavenly radiance, light serene.
- 4 Thou, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Thou, whose love can never cease,
Hast thou not the promise spoken,
That in thee we shall have peace ?
Let that peace which flows from thee,
Cheer this darkening hour for me.

- 5 Nature droops, my spirits sinking,
Need some cordial from above ;
From the gloom, and darkness, shrinking,
Saviour, cheer me with thy love ;
Bid the shadows flee away,
Melting in its heavenly ray !

*XVIII.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 GOD of peace and consolation !
Human sufferings claim thy care ;
Now, in thy divine compassion,
Grant thy feeble suppliant's prayer !
Through these simple strains impart
Light and peace to many a heart.
- 2 In those hours of sickness lonely,
When the body finds no rest,
And the soul, by thee, thee only,
Can be healed, renewed, and blest,
Fill these lines with heavenly power !
Cheer by them each suffering hour.
- 3 Let each page, thy truth containing,
Shine, illumined with thy light !
With free grace, and love constraining,
Make the darkened spirit bright !
And as earth's fair visions fade,
Let heaven's glories be displayed.
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